ALPHONSINE:

OR,

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

A Novel.

BY

MADAME GENLIS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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OR

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

CHAP. XXXIV.

DA..LI, who kept up a regular correspondence with Don Alvarez, did not fail to give him a detailed account of the baptism of Alphonsine; and in that recital he did not omit one circumstance which could display her mind, ingenuity, and sensibility. He did not forget in particu-

lar to speak of her grace and beauty; he no longer made a scruple to inflame his imagination, and to increase his passion for that child, since he was certain that Ines did not entertain the least love for him, and had began to flatter himself he should be able to obtain her good opinion.

Twelve days after the baptism of Alphonsine, Dazeli received a letter from Madrid, which recalled him to court, and by which he learned that the King wished him to marry the Duchess d'Alzuna, a young widow, with a large fortune. Dazeli, in the presence of Ines, shewed the letter to the Countess. The latter was a near relation of the Duchess d'Alzuna; and interesting herself a great

deal

deal on behalf of Dazeli, the idea of this marriage pleased her. Besides, she felt much flattered by the confidence which Dazeli had placed in her, as she loved to be consulted: this is the foible of all persons whose minds do not rise above mediocrity; it is for this in general that they are officious, as they consider a confidence placed in them not only as a mark of friendship, but as an honour; they delight in being able to meddle in things, and contribute to their success. "I will write to my cousin," said the "Countess, "and tell her all that I think "of you."—"I attach the greatest value "to your opinion, Madam; but I confess "to you that the Duchess d'Alzuna will "never contribute to my happiness."— "I hope you will not be so simple as to

 "refuse

"refuse such an alliance?"—"I am going "to Madrid to-morrow, on purpose to "break it off: I feel myself extremely "honoured by her choice. Besides, she "is young, she is handsome."—"Yes, "Madam, but she is not the woman that "I can love."—"I suppose you have a pas- "sion for some other?"—"Yes, Madam; "a woman always feels herself disarmed "by such confidence, as she never can find "any objection sufficiently powerful to "oppose to such a declaration. A man "in a similar situation would say in the first "instance a thousand things, if not new, at "least very reasonable; but a woman is "affected, admires, and remains silent." After a moment's silence Ines renewed the conversation: "To make such a sa- "crifice," said she, "it is necessary that

"we

" we should be sure of being loved in re-
" turn ; and men easily deceive them-
" selves in this respect."—" For my part,"
answered Dazeli, " hope is sufficient for
" me."—" Hope !" returned Ines, smi-
ling, " I suspect you are apt to cherish
" that upon very slight grounds."—" Not
" so, Madam, I assure you," replied Da-
zeli.—" That's strange," exclaimed Ines,
without considering what she was saying.
At these words the Countess set up a loud
laugh ; " How!" said she, " are you
" better informed on this point than Da-
" zeli himself ?" Ines blushed, and re-
mained silent. Dazeli continued jesting
upon this point, to which Ines answered
with much embarrassment, and has-
tened to change the conversation.

Ines often, before the Countess arose, went in the morning to take a walk in the park. The next day Dazeli, who was to depart in the evening, went into the garden at break of day. After having walked about a long time, he perceived Ines at the winding of a path: she redoubled her pace, in order to avoid him; but he overtook her, and intreated her to listen to him for a moment. She seated herself upon a bench, and assuming the most severe countenance, asked him what he wanted? "To bid you farewell," answered he; "and to tell you, Madam, "that I shall carry away that hope which "you wished to deprive me of yesterday; "and that I will sacrifice every thing to "it."—"That's an extravagant notion." —"Consider, Madam, that our hope en-"dures as our love."—"Consider that I am "engaged

" engaged ever since my infancy; that my
" heart and my reason have equally ratified
" that engagement; that I attach to it the
" tranquillity and comfort, and happiness
" of my life: not that happiness such
" as you conceive it, but that which is
" agreeable to my own disposition."—
" Don Alvarez, Madam, possesses the
" same odd notions of happiness as I do:
" he thinks that marriage ought to be
" formed by the very sentiment which
" you disdain."—" Well, Sir, you seem
" persuaded that I shall feel for you that
" which Don Alvarez has not been able to
" inspire me with; that's very modest!"—
" Persuaded? not so, unfortunately; but.."
" —You flatter yourself so?"—" Don
" Alvarez does not entertain any other
" sentiment for you but that of friend-

 " ship,

" ship, but I passionately love."—" But
" you will see, that after two or three
" years absence he will think differently :
" you'll see."—" If you are desirous of
" making a conquest of him, you will
" easily accomplish it." —" I am but
" too well aware of it."—" Do you mean
" to do it?"—" But. . ."— " Be pleased
" to answer me."—" Oh, Don Alvarez
" being in love with me seems ridiculous!"
—" Very well, I'll acquaint him with it."
—" I must beg you will not."—" Well,
" Madam, do you wish to corrupt me?
" do you wish me to deceive my friend?"
—" I never knew that to demand silence
" was to corrupt." — " Very often."—
" If you drive me to extremity, I shall take
" a desperate resolution ; I will write im-
" passioned letters to him."—" I'll fore-
" warn

" warn him of it."—" Vanity will pre-
" vent his believing you." — " Vanity
" in this case would only abuse a cox-
" comb; with you, Madam, the heart
" alone can be presumptuous. *Impas-
" sioned letters!* How would you write
" them? Do you know such language?"
—" I have read it in novels."—" Be as-
" sured that style is not to be copied."—
" Let us leave off this jesting. I declare
" to you, seriously, Sir, that I wish to
" marry Don Alvarez; and that nothing
" in the world can make me renounce
" that irrevocable resolution."—" And
" I, Madam, declare to you, that I will
" thwart his design with all the power,
" perseverance, and address, which I am
" master of."—" By this strange con-

 " duct

" duct be assured that you will only con-
" firm my resolution still more, if it be
" possible."—" I shall not mind that; for
" I have an advantage over you."—How?
" in what manner? . . . ."—" You will
" not act under the influence of obstinacy
" and spite, whilst I shall be guided by an
" exalted passion."—" Strength of mind
" and reason must prevail over folly."—
" You will be obstinate, I have no doubt,
" which is a very fatiguing part; but I
" shall possess constancy without any ef-
" fort. Your resolutions will be cool,
" while I shall be inspired."—" But my
" peace is at stake."—" And my life."
This answer disturbed Ines very much.
Fortunately at this moment they were
seeking her, to tell her the Countess was
up.

up. She arose precipitately, and hastened away without even casting a look on Dazeli, whom she left perfectly easy.

Dazeli departed. Ines was pensive for some days; Dazeli had astonished her mind, moved her heart, and wounded her pride: but as she had told him that her resolution was irrevocable, the certainty of making the Countess unhappy, by indulging this new passion, and her tender friendship for Don Alvarez, easily prevailed over this rising inclination, which was still more checked by the pride of a noble birth. Don Alvarez was one of the first grandees of Spain; while Dazeli, by extraction, was simply a gentleman, whom those envious of his fortune and favours merely called a

fortunate adventurer. His parents were obscure; he owed his rank but to his happy talents for pleasing, which was not sufficient for Ines. She thought she should degrade herself by such an alliance; and she had a thousand times rather espouse, without love, the companion and friend of her youth, who, in addition to the noblest name at court, would bring her into a family which best suited her notions. These thoughts were noways romantic; they may appear reasonable; and we must acknowledge, that such ideas in young persons are best calculated to form rational and virtuous wives. We shall see by the sequel that such thoughts and notions of propriety were at the same time conjoined in Ines, with an elevated soul and great sensibility of disposition. Ines adopted a

certain

certain means in order to divert her mind from that love which had not yet become a rooted passion : she incessantly occupied her time in cultivating her talents ; she read nothing but what was solid and serious ; she did not confide her secret to any person, and avoided, with the greatest care, speaking of Dazeli, or of any thing which could bring him to her recollection, and thus, by degrees, she succeeded to recover her serenity.

CHAP. XXXV.

Alphonsine, ever happy, ever transported at the sight of the beauties of nature, although she was an utter stranger to any other place but the gardens of the castle, reflected with some degree of pain, that the autumn had commenced, and would be followed by the winter, at which season the verdure, the flowers and the fruits would disappear for some months. The education which she had received

was in some respects a subject of surprise and even criticism to the Countess, who resolved to speak of it to Diana. One morning, while Alphonsine was doing some trifling needlework on the balcony, not without often casting a look into the garden, the Countess, seated at the extremity of the room, by the side of Diana, asked her "whether she thought to "perfect the education of Alphonsine "in that profound solitude and entire ignorance of the world?"—"Yes," answered Diana.—"I suppose you intend "then not to marry her to any other "man but to him who will for ever "devote himself to a retired life?"— "Not at all; I have formed no plan "about that."—"How! would you see "your daughter appear in the high

world,

" world, with so many charms, and such
" simplicity, without alarm? At least it
" would be necessary that she should be
" made acquainted with those dangerous
" principles, so that she might be armed
" against the perils which she will meet
" with at every step. We can give but
" an imperfect notion of such dangers to
" such a delicate and weak being as she
" is; and what would become of her, if
" she should place too much confidence on
" such useless and vain precautions? In
" the cavern where I brought my daugh-
" ter up in the midst of darkness, the
" physical dangers, so formidable to in-
" fancy, were double to her; but, never-
" theless, she never hurt herself against
" the rocks which surrounded us, and ne-
" ver did herself any harm. And why?

" Because

" Because she was deprived of every means
" of going about without my aid or my
" advice, because no delusive or false
" light could give her the imprudence of
" presumption; she was indispensably
" compelled to consult and believe me;
" and to suffer herself to be blindly led
" became a necessity in her."—" But
" when you lead her into the world, will
" you not be obliged to quit her some-
" times; who will guide her then?"—
" Her husband."—" But will he be ca-
" pable?"—" I shall make a good choice."
—" But the contagion of bad example!"
— " There are many less bad examples for
" a young ignorant person than for ano-
" ther."—" How can that be?"—" Ig-
" norance judges but from appearances,
" which ever assumes an honest exterior;
" a young

" a young person, thus ignorant, will
" leave a house very much edified by the
" conjugal affection, filial piety and ma-
" ternal love which she saw, and the no-
" ble and affecting conversation which
" she heard while there; whilst another,
" prematurely enlightened, would find
" nothing in it but affectation, falsehood,
" irony, and deceit."—" So, my dear
" Diana, you would condemn the women
" to an absolute ignorance."—" Oh, far
" from it! I could wish that they were
" perfectly enlightened to their duties;
" that on their marrying they should have
" no other instruction; and, besides, that
" not having the least idea of the world,
" they should enter it with timidity and
" docility as their guides; guides which
" downright ignorance will not fail to

" give."

" give."—" In such case it would be ne-
" cesssary to bring them up in a desert,
" and that they should renounce every
" thing, and that's impossible."—" I know
" generally it is so; and therefore thank
" Heaven, who gave me that possibility
" with a desire of profiting by it." This conversation was interrupted by a great exclamation of Alphonsine, who, for the first time, beheld the clouds rain, and lightning succeeded by a loud clap of thunder. Alphonsine, with her eyes fixed towards Heaven, contemplated with ecstacy this magnificent spectacle, which had nothing terrific in it to her. With an innocent and calm soul, she never saw in the most awful scenes and the most terrible aspect of nature but majesty and grandeur. Her looks fixed to-

wards a mountain, whose summit was far elevated above the walls of the park, she fancied she saw the Divinity on Mount Sinai amidst the thunder and lightning, in all the splendour of power and glory. However, the thunder became so violent, that Diana called her, and desired her to shut the window. Alphonsine, recollecting that the thunder might fall and kill them in an instant, quickly took a prayer-book, and throwing herself on her knees by her mother, said, much affected, though with resignation: "Mamma, let us prepare ourselves!" Ines, who was terrified at thunder, ran for refuge into Diana's chamber; Alphonsine did not perceive her; she prayed with such fervour and application, that nothing

could

could disturb her for an hour and a half during the time the storm lasted.

After dinner Diana, taking her daughter by the hand, told her that she would shew her that river which she had so much admired from the top of the mountain on the day of her baptism. Diana immediately set out, attended by a guide, who conducted them to the banks of the Xenil. Alphonsine, charmed, expressed a desire to have a swim in a boat on the river; "but," added she, "I don't see "any boat."—"We shall have one pre- "sently; I have anticipated your wishes." As Diana said these words, Alphonsine uttered an exclamation of joy; she perceived a delightful bark, which resembled a small bed of flowers floating upon the water, as

it

it was covered with shrubs and green bushes. Alphonsine seated herself in the boat, by the side of her mother. The latter gave orders to the boatman to row towards the mountain, on that side where the curate resided, to whom she wished to pay a visit. Alphonsine preferred this manner of travelling to that of a coach, or walking on foot. "It travels without "noise," said she; "we change our si-"tuation successively, see a thousand new "objects, and can converse with all tran-"quillity and peace, without being dis-"turbed."—"Look for a moment," said Diana, "at the interior of this boat; do "you notice the handsome flowers form-"ing your cypher and mine?"—"Ah! "mamma," exclaimed Alphonsine, "how "good you are! you never leave me, and "always

" always find means, unbeknown to me,
" to prepare the most delightful fêtes!"—
" I always order all these things before
" you are awake, or while you are visiting
" the Countess."—" It is true, I leave
" you sometimes, but it is your own de-
" sire."—" Assuredly if I did not bid
" you, you would not make those short
" visits which delight the Countess."—
" I never converse with her unless it is to
" speak of you; I always pass that quar-
" ter of an hour in looking at her hand-
" some-bound bible, or else she makes
" me play on the guitar. Mamma! shall we
" again return to the water?"—" Yes,
" sometimes."—" Oh, what a delightful
" entertainment!"—" My child, promise
" me that henceforth if you should be in
" a boat without me, you will always
" think

" think of this entertainment, and of the
" tenderness of your mother."—" I will
" never go without you."—" That may
" happen some time or other; therefore
" make me this promise."—" Ah, with
" all my heart. But is it necessary, my
" dear mamma? All the pleasures which
" I possibly can enjoy in life will always
" bring to my recollection God and my
" mother."—" In short, I beg that if ever
" you make an excursion by water, you
" will particularly think of me." — " I
" promise you, mamma, that then I will
" speak to no one, and place myself on
" one side, in order to think only of you."
—" I do not ask so much."—" But I
" will do it; but we shall never be parted
" so long for that to happen."

While

while they thus conversed, they arrived at the foot of the mountain, and disembarked. Diana gave orders to the boatman to wait while she and her daughter advanced towards a small wood, through which they were obliged to pass to get into the common road that led to the curate's house. In coming out of the wood they had to pass through the burying ground. After having got a few steps, Diana stopped to inform her daughter in what place they were. Alphonsine was moved on looking at all the tombs which surrounded her. "Alas!" said she, "among the great number of dead which "lay here, perhaps there are some who "have spent an evil life; they are now "punished: this idea is terrible!" The instant that she made this reflection, her

looks wandered upon a great plate of white marble, on which she read the name of the Count de Moncalde. "Oh, God!" said she, "behold the tomb of him who "confined you in the cavern! He was "wicked! he persecuted you, unfortu-"nate man! let us pray for him." At these words she threw herself on her knees, weeping. After her prayers, on rising up, she saw Diana bathed in tears, looking stedfastly on another tomb. . . . . It was that of the unfortunate Don Sancho. "My child," said she, "we "ought to implore divine mercy for him; "he wished to repair his faults, but he "had not time. Pray for him, my Al-"phonsine." Having fulfilled this pious duty, Alphonsine, casting her looks round the burying-ground, observed that the

other

other graves were covered with turf only.
" These graves," continued Diana, "con-
" tain only the ashes of the poor cottagers
" of this country. Two men of illustri-
" ous blood, alone of such exalted rank,
" are buried here; they who disdained
" while living, such an obscure and
" harmless class. Alas! they know now
" how much happier those are who, born
" in a lowly cottage, are indebted for
" their ease and comfort to virtue alone
" and persevering industry! They know,
" though too late, how dangerous it is to
" be born in a palace, and court none but
" frivolous honours and idle pursuits on
" earth! What did these peasants wish
" for, while they lived?—a humble shel-
" ter, a field, and opportunity of hard
" labour. The wishes of their ambition

 " are

" are virtuous and reasonable; whereas, " in courts, ambition leads to folly and " crime." — " Mamma," said Alphonsine, " I should wish to see a city; " but the idea of living in it would " alarm me, nor could I stop there " with any pleasure."—" Aye, and you " would have to live with a multi- " tude of persons unknown to you, " among whom there must necessarily " be many wicked persons, whom you " would not be able to distinguish."— " Ah, mamma, the idea is horrible!"— " And yet you would not be exposed to " great dangers in the world, because you " would not take a single step without con- " sulting your mother or your husband." — " How! are there young women im- " prudent enough to act otherwise?"—

" Some

" Some instances of it are seen."—" Can
" it be possible? But in vain should I
" consult you, mamma; I am sure these
" wicked people would, at all times,
" cause me much terror. The safest way
" is to remain in the country."—" Ah,
" yes, without doubt." As Diana was
pronouncing these words, they left the
burying-ground, ascended the hill; and
having stopped before the church, they
afterwards proceeded to the curate,
where they remained till night. They re-
turned to the castle the same way, and the
passage on the water by moonlight made
a still deeper impression on the heart and
mind of Alphonsine. She found on the
banks of the river all the young girls of the
village, clad in white, who offered her
some flowers; and getting afterwards into

 another

another boat, followed that of Diana, singing hymns and anthems, accompanied by several wind instruments. They stopped about half way, on a beautiful little island, filled with lemon trees, the branches of which were all adorned with glass lamps of various colours: the young girls began playing several games, which afforded Alphonsine much entertainment, that it was midnight before they returned to the castle.

The vintage, and rural festivals that generally accompany it, procured Alphonsine many new diversions: the winter must have dejected her spirits, had not Diana taken the precaution to vary and multiply her occupations. Alphonsine, now less dissipated and more sedentary, resumed

sumed all her natural application; Study supplied the place of her innocent and pure pleasures, and preserved her from ennui. In order to induce her to apply to her lessons with zeal, and acquire agreeable talents, Diana did not think proper to interest her vanity, or promise her brilliant success; she took good care not to corrupt her principles in wishing to make her accomplished; but simply, said: "You must be acquainted with religion, "because religion is our only true and in-"fallible guide: in the usual intercourse "of life it is indispensably necessary to "be able to read, write, and calculate; "it is useful to know several living lan-"guages, and conducive to amusement to "possess the talents of drawing and mu-"sic, in order to relieve our minds from

 "more

" more serious occupations; and even
" in our leisure hours not to remain idle."
The foregoing exhortations were quite sufficient, with a simple and docile mind, accustomed to look upon the very least wishes of a revered and beloved mother as sacred commands.

The return of the fair season was for Alphonsine a delightful period of hopes and pure delicious emotions: this was the first spring she ever beheld, and she was in her fourteenth year. When she saw the trees stripped of all their rich foliage, she had scarcely been able to persuade herself they would ever be green again. She was transported with joy on perceiving those naked branches, which had lately appeared so dead, budding, and afterwards

afterwards displaying their soft blossoms. Diana observed with infinite pleasure that the spring re-animated all religious ideas in her, and her piety gradually increased as the gardens and the fields grew embellished under her eye, and resumed their former splendid appearance. Oft she remained at her window, lost in a contemplative reverie, looking by turns at the heavens and the prospect of the fields before her. It was no longer curiosity that attached her to this spectacle, but the most affecting recollections and exalted ideas. On leaving the window she generally read some chapter of the holy scriptures, which gratitude and love are sufficient to enable us to meditate with solid advantages.

Diana watched for the first fine moon-light night, in order to go and secretly convey some assistance to the neighbouring cottage. During the day they went to visit the good Nugna, who now was happy; they found her cottage repaired, and better furnished, and her garden in a state of excellent cultivation. Comfort and peace dwelt in this humble retreat, and Alphonsine enjoyed that happiness which her mother had procured to these good people. But let us leave awhile Alphonsine under the vigilant eye of her mother, and take a rapid survey of Don Alvarez's travels.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

EIGHTEEN months had elapsed, since Don Alvarez had set out on his travels; he had visited France, England, Switzerland, and some parts of Germany. M. Antonio, his tutor, was a man of merit, who possessed considerable classical knowledge. His morals were irreproachable; and, in short, this would have been an excellent choice had not Antonio been too passionately fond of sciences, and apt to

bear a wrong judgment on most things; not for want of understanding, but for the want of time: for geometry, botany, chemistry, and natural history, so completely absorbed all his time, that he never could find leisure to reflect on men and on moral subjects. His principles were not bad; he had a confused recollection of such as his virtuous parents had formerly infused into his mind: he revered those principles still, and followed them from habit; but he would have been incapable of defining them, or proving their utility. He had no natural propensity whatever to vice, but reflection did not urge him to the practice of any virtue. Not having ever committed a bad action, he attributed all the merit of it to his fondness for the sciences, and therefrom concluded

that

that a naturalist or geometrician could not fail to be an honest man. In order therefore to implant into his pupil good principles, he merely endeavoured to inspire him with the same enthusiastic partiality for science: he left him as much at liberty, however, as any young man could wish for, and was too absent to be vigilant. During the journey M. Antonio would every moment alight from the carriage, in order to examine pebbles, rocks, plants, and certain lays of strata, which caused him infinite raptures; during which time Don Alvarez remained in the carriage, reading novels. In about two or three hours time M. Antonio would then return with a handful of herbs and stones, on which he held some learned dissertations during the remainder of the day, to

which

which Don Alvarez did not listen, but generally went to sleep. Whenever they made some stay in cities, M. Antonio took Don Alvarez to the houses of those persons for whom he had letters of recommendation, and there generally left him in order to go and visit the celebrated literati of the place. When he happened by chance to remain with his pupil, he turned his thoughts on the solution of some problem; for, besides his own language, knowing no other than Greek and Latin, he could not hear a word of the conversation; and no person venturing to speak to him, he remained isolated in some obscure corner of the room, losing sight of him whom he ought to have kept his eye upon. M. Antonio besides, under an economical point of view, was not of the

least

least use during the journey: he was a good man, and did not affect to disdain these little details; but he understood nothing of them: he trusted the whole care of settling bills, and other incidental expenses, to a roguish valet de chambre.

M. Antonio kept a journal which he wrote, as he said, for the instruction of Don Alvarez, and which was filled with mineralogical detail, names of plants, lists of learned men, and descriptions of chemical experiments. These extracts in fact were intended for the learned academicians of Madrid; but as M. Antonio had also some notion that it was requisite in a journey to give some account of the manners and character of foreign nations, and as he had made up his mind not to

take

take any notice whatever of these topics, he merely contented himself with setting down whatever he had read or heard reported. He began in this manner on entering a new country, and he called it giving his pupil a notion of things of the first necessity. Scarcely did they enter the frontiers of a kingdom, when he hastily pronounced a positive and decided judgment on the inhabitants they were going to visit. This method afforded Don Alvarez much entertainment, particularly since he had found out that M. Antonio's premature judgments were precisely the reverse of truth: a circumstance which the tutor had not observed, and which the pupil took good care not to let him see; for he was delighted at having such an observer for his Mentor, nothing being

more

more convenient for a young man of violent passions and independent spirit. Don Alvarez had read in Antonio's journal that the English are all deep thinking men, averse to every species of frivolity; and no where (excepting in France) had he seen so much frivolity as in London. M. Antonio, in his descriptive prologue of Switzerland, sang the manners and peaceable joys of the golden age, particularly in talking of the smaller democratic cantons; while, at the very time he was writing this sentimental eulogium, this good-natured and mild people were, at a mile distance, in an open state of rebellion for a quarrel on the market-place, and hanging their landamman. With respect to Germany, M. Antonio declared, in plain terms, that all the Germans are good-

hearted

hearted and sincere;' but that they are drunkards, heavy in point of mental faculties, and coarse in their manners: and Don Alvarez found as little sincerity and plain dealing at Hamburgh, Vienna, Berlin, as in any other polished capital; that falsehood and deceit were carried on there as every where else; that the Germans drank less than the English; that their thoughts were rather too refined and elaborate; and that they carried politeness to the highest degree.

Such was the Mentor whom the Countess of Moncalde congratulated herself for having picked from among a thousand: he was in fact a distinguished character for learning, and enjoyed an irreproachable reputation for integrity and good morals;

rals; but she had much better have made choice of an ignorant man, who, to the same good morals, might have joined some vigilance, natural judgment, and a little use of the world. Simple and unassuming men are in general too much disdained; there are many employments in which they would excel all others. A man of superior mind cannot fail to have some prevailing passion; and he who indulges in a pursuit unconnected with his avocation, can neither be attached to his various duties, nor properly discharge them.

Don Alvarez did not forget Alphonsine; for, besides that Dazeli's letters kept up this romantic attachment, his heart was truly affected: absence had no weakened

weakened this sentiment; he knew that time, as it elapsed, could but bestow new charms on her whom he loved; he pictured her to his fancy as growing handsomer every day, and this image, although it sheltered him from all danger of forming a new passion, did not prevent his seeking temporary gratifications in the pursuit of gallantry. A passion formerly deprived men of all relish for love intrigues; but now it is by no means a preservative against caprices of fancy; it only produces a sort of *allowable inconstancy*, which they do not fail to pride themselves upon; and after having seduced and proclaimed a woman whom they had no love for, they make up for all, on quitting her, by heroically declaring they *entertain a true passion for another*; and often, the

abandoned

abandoned victim herself admires this sincerity and candour. 'Tis true, she seldom fails taking another lover; for the more afflicted, the more need she has of consolation: but the romantic hero, who forsakes her, remains her friend. This is the mode of conduct of those who are above vulgar prejudice. Don Alvarez was handsome, amiable, witty, cheerful, and candid; his manners were noble and easy; and he spoke French, English, and German, fluently; his Mentor's learning led people to suppose he was well informed himself, and he was the better liked for not shewing it, as women maintained that frivolity and levity were with him the mere effect of condescension and good-nature. Alvarez therefore met with brilliant success; and in order to conceal his intrigues

intrigues from M. Antonio, he had no need to have recourse to any efforts of address or imagination.

M. Antonio saw and heard nothing; and in very good earnest he kept writing to the Countess, that Don Alvarez conducted himself with a prudence and austerity of manners quite exemplary at his age. The only reproaches which M. Antonio urged against his pupil were his indifference for chemistry and botany, and a little coldness and uncertainty of disposition; for he had not hitherto been able to induce him to make a choice between the various systems of Tournefort, Linnæus, Jussieu, and Adamson; but he flattered himself that so reasonable, sedate, and sensible a young man, could not

fail,

fail, in time, to take a strong liking for the sciences.

These details can shew wha just ideas the Countess must have formed respecting her son's disposition and mode of living: and this in general is the manner in which parents are made acquainted with their children's improvements, when they remove them from them from the parental roof, and entrust them into the hands of strangers.

CHAP. XXXVII.

While Don Alvarez, rapidly pursuing the course of his conquests in foreign countries, formed himself in the school of gallantry, and learned nothing from his preceptor M. Antonio, while he acquired a few frivolous accomplishments, and lost those essential qualities and good morals which cannot fail to be impaired by such pursuits, the innocent Alphonsine, adorned with all the charms of youth, joined with the purity of an angel, grew

up

up in happiness and peace under the watchful eye of her happy mother, and thus in profound solitude attained her eighteenth year.

The Countess's mourning having already expired for upwards of a year, she became desirous of revisiting the world, and sat out together with Ines for Madrid, after having promised Diana to return and pass part of the following summer with her. Ines, after this absence, saw Dazeli again with a degree of pleasure which she could not conceal; he had just refused the hand of the Duchess d'Alzuna, who loved him, and who for his sake had previously rejected the addresses of Don Juan d'Oropeda, a nobleman of high rank, young, amiable, and passion-

ately attached to her. This refusal of so illustrious an alliance exalted Dazeli in the eyes of Ines, and flattered her good self-opinion as much as it moved her her heart. Steady in her resolutions, she however took care to shun Dazeli, shewed but indifference towards him whenever she met him in public, and thus succeeded to deprive him of almost every hope. Don Juan d'Oropeda enjoyed very high consideration at court, because he possessed nobleness of sentiment and originality of mind, two advantages which never fail to succeed when they are accompanied with a good fortune and an exalted rank. In the world, and at court in particular, those persons are feared whose designs cannot be guessed at; and the fear which is inspired by a person whose character and disposition

position are not odious, soon becomes a sort of esteem. Although Don Juan was not deceitful, yet seldom could his opinions or intentions be discovered: at times he acted in a simple and prudent manner; at others he adopted the most unaccountable resolutions, and persisted in them steadily. His good sense on some occasions, his eccentricity on others, defeated all the conjectures which could be formed with respect to his views.

Don Juan was thirty-two years of age, and posssessed a noble and manly countenance; his deportment was rather distant and stern; he was naturally sarcastic, and often enveighed against the vices and ridicules of society: he prided himself on resembling nobody, which he easily accomplished

complished by merely following his first impulse and movements, which always savoured of chivalric generosity. Nothing gives a more original and remarkable character in the world than perfect disinterestedness and sincere contempt of ambition and intrigue. Don Juan however, unwilling to lead an idle life, had distinguished himself in the military profession. Thinking it due to his character that he should make his way with distinction, he had solicited that rank and those honours which his services entitled him to. His soul was replete with feeling; in love and friendship he displayed a nobleness of heart which sat perfectly natural upon him on every occasion. The idea of seducing a woman inspired him with indignation; for five years he had loved the Duchess

d'Alzuna,

d'Alzuna, but still shunned her during the whole time, and even undertook a journey in order to cure himself of this unfortunate attachment. He was in Russia when the Duke d'Alzuna died: the King at once formed the project of procuring his favourite this noble alliance, and even caused it to be mentioned to the Duchess, who being secretly partial to Dazeli, answered so as to give the favourite great hopes. It was on this occasion that the King recalled Dazeli to court; when the latter, on his arrival, entreated the King to leave him the use of a liberty which he never would sacrifice to ambition. The Duchess had not made a formal declaration; the King ceased his interference, and for some months no more was said about this projected match: but

 a relation

a relation of the Duchess having one day asserted in public that Dazeli had given up his pretensions to her hand only because he well knew that the relations of the Duchess, and he in particular, would would never have countenanced the match, Dazeli waited on him, and requested an explanation. This affair produced a duel, wherein Dazeli displayed the most brilliant valour, and the greatest generosity, After having wounded his adversary, he became his friend and protector, by urging the revocation of a decree of banishment issued against him. Don Juan returned: as matters were in this situation, he urged his suit, and the Duchess sincerely told him that her heart was not at her disposal, and that she loved Dazeli. Don Juan did not complain, but he re-

solved to resign a situation which obliged him to reside at court, and to retire for two or three years on an estate which he possessed in the kingdom of Grenada, and which was contiguous to Donna Diana's residence. The Duchess, no longer concealing her sentiments, spoke to the King without reserve, who again made but fruitless attempts with Dazeli. The Duchess, who looked upon his duel as a declaration of love, was equally surprised as she was afflicted and hurt. She abruptly departed for France, while Don Juan set out for his estate in Grenada, where he arrived two or three months after the departure of the Countess and Ines.

Don Juan had heard a great deal of the history of Diana, and was exceedingly desi-

rous to become acquainted with that interesting woman, so much celebrated for her beauty, her faults, her misfortunes, and her passionate tenderness for her daughter. He entertained a confused notion that no other but Alphonsine, this young, pure, simple, and so singularly educated a lady could make him forget the Duchess of Alzuna. He did not make the least attempt to be introduced to Diana, and even passed two months without seeking an opportunity to see those two objects which had excited in him so much curiosity. During this time he became acquainted with their manner of life and disposition, which information struck him with astonishment and admiration. He knew very well that Diana received no visitors; but, nevertheless, he was desirous of

seeing

seeing her. He one fast-day went to the parish-church, which was on Diana's estate; there he saw Diana and her daughter in the principal pew. Diana was enveloped in a taffety mantle, which entirely concealed her face; but Alphonsine had no veil: Don Juan was struck as well as dazzled with her bloom and beauty. Alphonsine, with her eyes fixed on her book and cast down on the ground when they departed from mass, did not notice any person in the church. She did not perceive Don Juan, who went home much affected, and almost entirely cured of his passion for the Duchess d'Alzuna.

It was in the month of December; but the winter being so mild in Spain, it did not prevent Diana and her daughter from

 taking

taking long walks in the fields. Don Juan knew that they went to pay visits to Nugna, that young cottager whom they had relieved from distress, and whom Alphonsine was very fond of.

Don Juan often walked about that cottage, but never met those whom he sought: he was not discouraged; and having returned towards the cottage one morning, about the end of January, as he was quitting the little wood which was near Nugna's dwelling, he perceived a young girl very much distressed, who came from the cottage, and was running very fast. He asked her what was the matter; she answered, that her young lady was taken very ill, and that she was going to seek the doctor belonging to the castle, who,

by

by the order of Diana, was visiting an old sick man in a neighbouring cottage. Don Juan flew to Nugna's abode; and the door being opened, he perceived a great bustle in the lower apartment; he entered, and saw, in the midst of Nugna's family, Alphonsine fainting in the arms of Diana. Don Juan had in his pocket a smelling-bottle filled with English salts, which he presented to Diana. After she had held it some time, Alphonsine opened her eyes, and looked about her with an air of emotion and alarm. "Is the unfor-"tunate man gone?" said she. On uttering these words, two big tears escaped her fine eyes. "Be calm, my child," said Diana, "you will see him no more."—"But I shall always think of him."—"Come, and breathe the fresh air."—

 At

At these words Diana arose, and taking her daughter under her arm, turned to Don Juan, gave him back his smelling-bottle, and thanked him; then left the room, and led her daughter into the garden. Don Juan did not venture to follow, but felt the greatest curiosity to know what had passed. He questioned Nugna's grandmother, who had resumed her seat in the arm-chair and her spinning, as soon as she noticed Alphonsine's departure. Don Juan could not have addessed himself to a better person: the good old woman voluntarily engaged in conversation; and fully to gratify Don Juan's curiosity, she was going, according to her manner, to begin the story with Diana's captivity, and the education of Alphonsine, in the subterraneous cavern. But Don Juan in-

terrupted

terrupted her, by telling her that he was perfectly acquainted with those details. " Well," said old Nugna, " I must then " simply tell you, that Pedrillo, the last " of three children of my cousin Barbara, " was the handsomest boy you possibly " could wish to see. He is now fifty- " eight years old; but at the time that " I am speaking to you of, he was about " forty years."—How! forty years!" exclaimed Don Juan. — " Aye, full as much," resumed the old woman.—" But, " my good mother, it is not the history " of Pedrillo which I asked you, but what " caused caused young Alphonsine's fainting fit."—" Exactly so, that's what I " am coming too."—" But in this manner " you will never come to it. Is it neces- " sary to go so far back?"—" Very ne-

" cessary;

" cessary ; I never say any thing unneces-
" sarily: do you make yourself easy. Pe-
" drillo, the third child of my cousin Bar-
" bara, was the handsomest boy in the
" world."—" You have told me that be-
" fore."—" When we are interrupted, it is
" necesssary that we should begin again."
—" Well, I promise you I'll interrupt
" you no more."—" Pedrillo, the last
" born of my cousin Barbara, was the
" handsomest boy you could wish to see ;
" besides all that, he was always good-hu-
" moured, always merry, always the first
" at a dance, and always the first ready
" to run to oblige any person. Ah, poor
" Pedrillo! when I recollect that time
" (and I recollect it as if it was yester-
" day), my heart bleeds."—Here the old
woman made a pause, wiped her eyes

that were filled with tears, and began spinning. "One fine day," continued she, "Pedrillo, in spite of his father and "mother, and in spite of all his friends, "engaged himself as a sailor on board "one of the King's ships. When he "went away I said to him, I am sure, "Pedrillo, some misfortune will hap- "pen to you. Don't you know the "proverb, *He who goes away contrary* "*to his parent's wish, never makes a* "*good journey?* I am sure some mis- "fortune will happen to you.... and "this is my story: I told it him before "witnesses, in the presence of his decea- "sed mother, my cousin Barbara, and of "the late curate. Pedrillo sat off, and no- "thing was heard of him for fifteen years. "At length he returned, but how? With

"two

" two crutches and two wooden legs.
" And what sort of wooden legs do you
" think? Why, two small sticks with two
" small balls at the bottom, instead of feet!
" My cousin Barbara was then alive. Pe-
" drillo said to her, 'Mother, don't be dis-
" tressed: it is true I have lost my two legs,
" but it was in the service of my King. I
" have acquired good fame, and a good
" pension. I shall do very well without
" legs, as I have no desire to run about,
" and will never leave you again.

" We have been for a long time ac-
" customed to see Pedrillo with his
" wooden legs: he has retained all his
" good humour, and is still as gay as the
" best of us; and when he comes to see
" us, which is but very seldom, because

" he

"he lives two leagues from here, he
"makes us all merry. He came this
"morning, and told us a thousand sto-
"ries. When our two ladies came to
"pay us a visit, they heard us at the
"doors as we were all laughing: our
"young lady entered, and asked us what
"made us laugh so heartily? And Nugna,
"pointing to Pedrillo, says, 'It is he who
"who diverts us all by his good hu-
"mour.' Our young lady, on looking
"at Pedrillo, startled, and seemed alarm-
"ed; she did not know it was possible
"to live without legs; and her respec-
"table mother, who had taught her so
"many fine things in the cavern, had for-
"got to speak to her about wooden legs.
"She turned as pale as death, exclaim-
"ing, 'Oh! the poor unfortunate crea-
"ture!'

" ture!' and she trembled like a leaf.
" Pedrillo advanced towards her; and
" she seeing him walk on his two stumps,
" was so moved and alarmed, that she
" sunk like dead in a chair." This recital was interrupted by Nugna, who came to tell her that Diana and her daughter had gone away: that Alphonsine, in weeping, had asked her many questions about Pedrillo; that she had enquired what she could best give him that could be of use to him; and that, according to Nugna's answers, they had promised to send him a fine cow, and two goats. Don Juan heard with pleasure that Pedrillo was one of his vassals. He returned home with his heart and mind filled with all that he had seen and heard. On the same day he sent the old woman a good quantity

quantity of flax for spinning; and the next day, as soon as it was light, he went to see Pedrillo. The latter was much flattered by being thus honoured with a visit from his Lord, and he shewed him his little habitation. "Pedrillo," said Don Juan to him, "I know you wish to "have a cow; and mean time I will make "you a present of a meadow. You know "the one by the elm walk, which is about "five hundred paces from here; and "that one shall be your own." Pedrillo was at a loss how to express his surprise and joy; but two hours afterwards his happiness was complete, when he saw a fine cow and two goats; then, notwithstanding his wooden legs, he thought himself the happiest man on earth.

Don

Don Juan, a few days after, wrote to Diana; he declared to her, without any preamble, his sentiments for Alphonsine, and solicited her hand, promising Donna Diana that he never would separate her from her darling daughter. Diana was much surprised at such an abrupt declaration, which had not been preceded by any interview: not seeing any person, and never having spoken to the Countess about the surrounding gentry and persons in high life, she only knew Don Juan by name, and as belonging to one of the most illustrious families in Spain; she knew also that he was related to Ines, and that in the projected marriage for the latter he had been chosen as her guardian to give her away. Diana therefore, before she answered the letter which

which she had received, wrote to the Countess, requesting some further information respecting Don Juan d'Oropeda; and she also charged the curate to collect what they could on the subject of this nobleman. This account turned out much to the advantage of Don Juan. Diana also learned that he had made a visit at the cottage of Nugna, and the gift of the meadow which had completed the happiness of Pedrillo. The latter circumstance more immediately interested Diana much in favour of Don Juan. The Countess, it is true, said that there was a singularity in his disposition, but at the same time did ample justice to his good qualities. Diana sent an answer to Don Juan, expressing her acknowledgments, and adding that she felt herself both honoured

and

and moved by his sentiments; that her daughter was totally disengaged; but that being only fifteen years of age, she could not think of marrying her till a year or two had elapsed; that till then she did not wish to change her manner of life, and could not receive any person in that absolute solitude to which she had devoted herself ever since her deliverance. Don Juan answered herby saying that he was perfectly satisfied; that he respected and admired her resolutuions; that he would willingly wait, flattering himself that, at the expiration of the period she had mentioned, she would condescend to receive and listen to him. He from that day discontinued his walks to see Alphonsine, and he met her no more.

At

At the end of the winter some business obliged him to make a journey to Cadiz. On departing, he wrote a letter to Diana, acquainting her that his sentiments were still the same, and that he should return some time early in the month of August.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE Countess and Ines returned in the beginning of the month of May, six weeks after the departure of Don Juan. Diana noticed with a secret chagrin the joy which Alphonsine evinced on seeing them again: she had acquired the habit of concealing these involuntarily emotions; but it was impossible for her not to evince some coolness towards two persons whom her daughter received so well.

Don

Don Alvarez, after an absence of two years, was now expected. His letters mentioned that his intention was to be back in the following September. The Countess had resolved that he should marry Ines in the month of October, and that she would accompany the new-married pair to pass the winter at Madrid. Diana told the Countess in private that she wished that Don Alvarez would not enter her apartment, at least till his marriage, and that she had rather not receive his visits till after the nuptials on the eve of his departure for Madrid. Alphonsine was in her sixteenth year; and the Countess approved the prudent suggestion of Diana.

Don Alvarez arrived earlier than he had said. One evening in July the drawing-room of the Countess was on a sudden thrown open, and Alvarez and Dazeli made their appearance, having both arrived from Madrid together. Ines threw herself round the neck of Don Alvarez, who embraced her with all the tenderness of a brother. Dazeli was not the least jealous of this first emotion of Ines, being certain that love would not have been expressed in such a manner, in spite of the consent of a mother, and the near approach of the nuptials. Don Alvarez seemed quite happy to find himself again in the company of his mother and Ines: the Countess spoke of the marriage, to which Don Alvarez answered by kissing her hand and the hand of Ines, which he

held

held in his own. Ines changed the con-versation, and questioned Don Alvarez on his travels. They asked him why Don Antonio had not come to receive the thanks of the Countess; and Don Al-varez answered, that he had stopped at Madrid, in order to be present at a meet-ing of the Academicians. They extolled the merit of M. Antonio: Don Alvarez smiled, and complained at the same time of his rigidness. "Oh, he is a terrible "guardian," said he, "a true Argus." Whilst Don Alvarez was speaking, Ines examined him with all the complacency of the most tender sister: she remarked he had much grown; adding, 'He is really very handsome at present.' "But," said the Countess to Ines smiling, "you should "not speak so of a lover. If I was in the

" place of my son, I should be angry.
" You preserve that simple tone of friend-
" ship which was very well some years
" ago, but which now must be morti-
" fying to Don Alvarez." — " Why
" should I be angry?" answered Don Al-
varez; " I ought to be contented with
" those sentiments which she can bestow
" on me."—" Ah!" said the Countess
in a serious tone, " the sentiment which
" she entertains for me is not perhaps what
" is called love, but is more tender and
" durable. It will never be extinct, and
" nothing will be able to banish it in the
" heart of Ines."—" I have never reflect-
" ed," said Ines, " on the manner in
" which I love Don Alvarez; but this I
" know, that his happiness is certainly in
" part necessary to my own." At these
words,

words, Don Alvarez, affected, pressed the hand of Ines against his heart, and a general silence ensued; when Dazeli, knowing how much his friend would be obliged by it, asked several questions respecting Diana and Alphonsine. The Countess then informed Don Alvarez, of what the Countess had said to her. Don Alvarez had a great deal of difficulty to conceal the extreme chagrin which he felt in consequence of Diana's prohibition. The Countess immediately changed the conversation; she spoke but seldom of Diana, as she neither approved her manner of life, nor her system. Minds which do not rise above mediocrity are naturally averse to all those whose ideas differ from the received opinions, and, in general, they are right; but when it is necessary that

 some

some exceptions should be admitted, it is then that they fail in their conclusions.

Dazeli, in order to enliven the conversation, in which Don Alvarez no longer took a part, recollected himself that he had brought Ines a species of roses particularly beautiful. They sent for the rose-trees, which bore a great quantity of buds and three or four blown roses; and Ines promised to give them the next day to Alphonsine, saying, that she preferred the rose to every other flower.

Diana occupied new apartments, which she had caused to be furnished, expressly in order to be quite apart from the Countess, when she should return into the castle. They were in one of the wings of the castle

which

which had a court-yard, a garden, an entrance, and private staircase, so that they should never meet neither the attendants of the Countess nor those persons who came to visit her. Diana had but few servants, who never made their appearance, nor even her women, unless they were rung for. Diana dressed her daughter herself; she had expressly forbidden her women to speak in her apartment, at least unless they were asked, and then they were to answer as briefly as possible. Diana entertained herself with no one but her daughter; and Alphonsine never asked any questions but of her mother. Seeing the women but for a minute, and always in the presence of her mother, she never spoke to them at all. Her domestics had orders never to sing, and ne-

 ver

ver to make any noise or that which could be heard in Diana's apartment; consequently nothing was heard in this solitary pavillion but the guitar, and the sweet voice of Alphonsine chaunting hymns and anthems, every day. At other times a profound silence reigned every where, so that no idea could formed of what was passing at the Countess's; or rather Alphonsine supposed that they were leading the same life as her mother and she, and that they only lived differently in cities. The Countess and Ines had so scrupulously adhered to the intentions of Diana, which were so nice and severe on this point, that they never had spoken to Alphonsine either of the world or its amusements. The Countess alone had sometimes seen Alphonsine in private the year before, but

only

only for a quarter or half an hour at most at a time, and in concert with Diana had told her, as soon as she arrived, that she had no more time to give her, as some troublesome business occupied nearly all her moments. Alphonsine was the only young person in the world whom such a manner of life could render happy; but the recent recollection of the cavern, her perfect innocence, and her tenderness for Diana, persuaded her that it was impossible to have more varied amusements and more delightful recreations than she had, or to enjoy a more complete happiness. Some would laugh at this opinion; those who are passionately fond of dress, balls, sights, and company: but Alphonsine, being unacquainted with any enjoyment produced by vanity, those of the soul

 more

more than made amends; we may therefore be permitted to conclude the contemplation of nature, the possession of an aviary, a garden full of flowers, the charms of music, the pleasure of carrying every day comfort and consolation into the cottages of the poor, the caresses and the conversation of an adored parent, the reading of the Bible, performed with a pure heart, a lively faith, and the approbation of a virtuous pastor, might render the ignorant Alphonsine more happy than the most fashionable young lady, either of Madrid or Paris, though she even should be applauded at a great concert, or for having invented a new fashion.

Diana and her daughter went to bed at ten o'clock every night; and they had

just

just retired to rest when Don Alvarez and Dazeli arrived; their waiting woman did not know it until the next day at noon. Alphonsine arose at six in the morning as usual; and at seven, as she was preparing to go out with her mother for a walk, the door of their chamber opened, and Don Alvarez appeared. Alphonsine blushed! "Ah, here is Don Alvarez," exclaimed she joyfully at the same time. This was the first time Don Alvarez saw Alphonsine in broad day-light; how tall, how handsome, he thought her. Her beauty was so regular and so striking, the bloom of her skin and the bewitching charms of her person were such, that even the peasants who met her about the fields, stopped, or interrupted their labours, in order to contemplate her both with ad-

 miration

miration and surprise. Her paleness now was removed, although she had preserved her dazzling whiteness, and all the placid expression of her countenance: her brilliant colour was neither deep nor flushed, and only appeared striking because it overspread a skin whiter than alabaster and snow: her hair, a little deeper now, served to enhance the fairness of her complexion; and a comb, which was fixed on the top of her head, dropped her beautiful ringlets down on her neck and shoulders: her eyes, now accustomed to bear the light, were no longer half-closed; the beauty of their form, and the celestial azure, was freely perceived; her looks no longer had that expression of curiosity and surprise; calm, without seeming indifferent, they were both moving and di-

vine:

vine: in short, with the same expression of candour and simplicity as she had formerly, she now displayed more ease and gracefulness in her deportment, and her growing shape had assumed a slender, noble, and elegant turn. Don Alvarez stood mute with surprise . . . . he held in his hand a nosegay formed of four beautiful full-blown roses, which he had plucked off the tree Dazeli had given Ines. Diana, equally surprised and vexed, told him distantly that they were going out. Don Alvarez, making up to Alphonsine, and presenting her with the flowers said, in a broken inarticulate voice, that he had brought them from Ines. Alphonsine, without taking the roses, looked at her mother: "Ah, mamma," said she, "these "are not without thorns!"—"Oh no, my

"dear

" dear child!" answered Diana, rather affected.—" Don Alvarez," replied Alphonsine, " take back those flowers to " Ines; thank her from me; but tell her " that I shall never accept any flowers " but from the hands of my mother." Don Alvarez, who knew no particulars of Diana's history, did not fully understand the meaning of this, nor did he pay much attention to it; he only looked at Alphonsine. Being desirous however to leave the nosegay he had brought, in their apartment, he drew near Diana, and putting one knee on the ground before her, " And you, Madam," said he, " will you " condescend to accept them?"—" No, " Don Alvarez," replied she, " I will " not change Alphonsine's resolution; " take the flowers back to Ines."—" Ah,

" Madam!"

" Madam!" said Don Alvarez. He paused, hid his face with his hands, and burst into tears. " Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Alphonsine, deeply affected, " mamma, we " have afflicted him; ah! what shall be done " to console him?"—" Ines will console " him," replied Diana sharply. " Don't " you see, my child, that he is thus alarm- " ed, merely from a fear Ines should " think he has not well executed her " commission? . . . Go, my dear Don Al- " varez," added she in a milder tone (for " she could not help being flattered with " the sentiment he had just betrayed), go; " Ines shall know how zealously you en- " deavoured to gratify her wish." As she said these words, Diana arose, and rung the bell: Don Alvarez, without speaking a word, sprang towards the door,

and

and went out precipitately. Alphonsine remained surprised, trembling, and confounded: her mother took hold of her arm, and walked out with her.

Don Alvarez, in order to penetrate into Diana's apartment, had availed himself of an easy and very simple means: having heard, on the evening before, orders given to a servant to carry roses to Alphonsine, he said he would himself go and give them to one of Diana's servants; and he intended to tell Ines afterwards, that not being able to meet with any of Diana's women, he had, on a sudden, found himself in her drawing-room, when he thought he was but in an antichamber.

On

On leaving Diana's apartment, Don Alvarez, in dismay, experienced such an urgent desire of conversing about Alphonsine, that he ran into Dazeli's chamber, and seating himself on his bed: " Ah, my " friend," said he, " I have seen her " again! . . . . 'Tis done! my fate is irre- " trievably fixed. No power on earth shall " prevent my marriage with Alphonsine. " Heavens! how beautiful, how affect- " ing! all the charms of purity, all the " graces of candour and innocence, are " combined together in her whole person! " Ah! Dazeli, she loves me! I have seen " on her enchanting countenance the ex- " pression of joy, surprise, affection, nay, " I would even say, of love! She knows " not that name. In so angelic a soul, " love no doubt is a new sentiment, the

" idea

" idea of which no mortal can conceive,
" and that hitherto was unknown! . . . .
" She shall be my wife!"—" But," replied Dazeli, " you must not deceive
" yourself, my dear Don Alvarez. Ines
" will not second your views and projects;
" and the Countess will never give her
" consent."—" I'll wait till I am of age."
—" And think you that Diana will give
" you her daughter, in opposition to your
" mother's wishes?"—" I am beloved;
" nothing can alarm me!"—" Do you
" think that Alphonsine can be seduced?"
—" God forbid I should ever entertain
" such an idea! You know not, Dazeli,
" you cannot know how I love her, how
" well I know her mind! She never can
" hesitate between her mother and me.

" At

" At first she will perhaps sacrifice me to
" her duty, and think she performs but
" an easy and most natural act. Her pu-
" rity, her filial tenderness, her gratitude
" and virtue, must for ever preserve her
" heart from the errors of a violent pas-
" sion; of love she will know only what
" is most delicate and generous; love
" will not mislead her, because it never
" will rule over her with absolute sway:
" melancholy and soft emotions are the
" only effects it will produce in her:
" in short, love will not destroy her re-
" pose and happiness as long as it strug-
" gles with her duty. 'Twill only be when
" it becomes legitimate that love will as-
" sume some empire over her mind."—
" What will you do then, in case Diana
" and the Countess should remain inflex-

" ible?"—

" ible?"—" In such a dreadful dilemma
" I should be capable of undertaking any
" thing! Were it requisite, I would
" deceive Alphonsine herself; I would
" find means to bring her to, without
" her suspecting it. It is impossible to
" seduce her; and woe betide him who
" could harbour such a thought! But it
" is so very easy to deceive her! . . . . Oh,
" were I even to be left tête-à-tête with
" her for a whole day, what an easy task
" it would be to respect so much inno-
" cence! such perfect innocence, unpa-
" ralleled on earth at her age, and which
" adorns her still more than her beauty!
" Alphonsine can only inspire pure and
" affecting emotions. . . . . With what de-
" light did I behold that face which had
" so long been concealed in darkness,

" now

"now lighted by the sun-beams! With
"what pleasure did I gaze on those fine
"eyes which never beheld vice, or even
"profane objects! and that dazzling
"beauty, that virginal blushing cheek,
"which hitherto has received none but a
"mother's embrace! Oh happy, a thou-
"sand times happy that mortal who will
"obtain leave from Alphonsine to kiss
"that cheek!"

Dazeli listened to Don Alvarez with pleasure; he perceived that this attachment which he at first had thought but trifling, assumed all the character of a deep passion: he knew the impetuosity and obstinacy of Don Alvarez's temper; he was certain that he would closely adhere to a project on which depended the whole

whole happiness of his life; and this idea restored to Dazeli part of that hope which he had lately began to lose.

Don Alvarez had afterwards a long conversation with Ines, wherein he explicitly declared to her, although he did not impart the secret of his passion to her, that he was resolved not to marry her, because he bore her only the affection of a brother; that he felt an attachment of this sort could not shelter him from a passion, and that she would consequently be unhappy, which misfortune he could not bear the idea of. Ines first answered him in that light and sarcastic tone which we assume with children who talk nonsense. Don Alvarez, rather offended, reminded her that he was now twenty; and Ines

adopting

adopting then a more serious tone, spoke to him with calm mildness and affection, but took care at the same time to evince her firm resolution not to break off an engagement which she held so dear, unless the Countess herself desired it. "So," said Don Alvarez angrily, "if I could "yield to my mother's authority, you "would not hesitate to marry me in spite "of the dispositions which I have reluc- "tantly owned to you? This is not very "delicate."—"Hear me, Don Alvarez," replied Ines; "if I was naturally deform- "ed, or you felt an antipathy for me, "I certainly would not insist thus; but "in truth you will not be much to be pi- "tied if you marry me. Besides, I am "certain that you bear me the most tender "affection. You feel no love, and I wish "for

" for none."—" Very well; but I chuse
" to have a wife that I can be in love
" with."—" You are in the wrong; you
" would render her extremely unhappy."
—" Wherefore, I beg?"—" You are en-
" dowed with an ardent. and romantic
" imagination, and a considerable share
" of vanity; you would wish to be loved
" in such a manner as it is impossible for
" a husband to be amidst the dissipation
" of the world; you would be jealous,
" unjust, whimsical, suspicious. . . . . "—
" Yes, with a person brought up like
" you."—" Ah! you think me ill brought
" up! . . ."—" No; but. . . ."—Come,
" Don Alvarez, I have told you so a
" thousand times, you have read so many
" novels and romances, that your head
" is fairly turned; and marrying a rich
heiress,

"heiress destined to you from your in-
"fancy, appears to you too common a
"lot. I confess that there is not matter
"for a novel; but let us do without ob-
"stacles and persecutions, and simply
"content ourselves with a peaceable
"union, with the happiness of loving and
"esteeming each other, without violent
"passion, and enjoying perfect confidence
"in each other. Believe me, this lot,
"which seems to you so interesting, is not
"so very common as you may think."

This conversation was interrupted by some person coming in; and Alvarez went out, promising himself he would take an early opportunity of renewing the subject.

A few days after this the Countess de-

clared she would appoint an earlier period for her son's marriage, since he had returned sooner than he was expected; and that he must prepare to wed Ines within a week: adding, that Don Juan d'Oropesa, who had just returned from Portugal, would be present at the nuptial ceremony, and stand as father to the bride. This was a thunderbolt to Don Alvarez; the more so, as he had some suspicion of Don Juan's attachment for Alphonsine; for he had found out that Don Juan had seen her at church and at Nugna's cottage, where he Don Alvarez had also been, though in vain, since his return, as well as at the parochial church, Diana hearing mass now in her own chapel, where no person was admitted besides her servants, and having left off visiting Nugna. Don Alvarez

went

went to the cottage every morning; he lavished presents on all the family; he conversed for whole hours with the old woman, who had not failed to apprise him of Pedrillo's story, of the fainting of Alphonsine, and the cows and goats, and other marks of Don Juan's liberality. These recitals filled Don Alvarez with love and jealousy; and as soon as he had learned that he whom he looked upon as his rival was coming back, in order to witness his union with Ines, he resolved no longer to keep any measures.

CHAP. XXXIX.

DON Alvarez one morning, before the Countess was up, sent to request Ines to allow him a moment's conversation. She was in the park, where no person was now admitted excepting Diana, her daughter, the Countess, Ines, their waiting women, and the reverend curate. Ines came and sat down with Don Alvarez in the parlour which formed a part of the Countess's apartment. There, without the least disguise, Don Alvarez opened his heart to

her:

her: he confessed to her his passion for Alphonsine; and observing that she was listening to him patiently, he was so bold as to venture to beg she would use her influence with the Countess to induce her to release him from an engagement which would cause the eternal misfortune of his whole life, since his heart was no longer at his disposal. " Don Alvarez," said Ines at length, " this strange confidence " strengthens my resolution of trying " every effort to engage you to fulfil a " sacred engagement."—" How! what, " would you sacrifice the happiness of " your mother, mine, the common inte- " rest of both families, who, as you know, " will derive considerable advantages " from our union? Would you sacrifice " so many solid considerations to a child

 " who

" who neither knows nor shares your
" love? And what are your hopes? Al-
" phonsine is not under the care of a
" [illegible] hands
" of an enlightened and vigilant mother,
" who thinks and lives but for her alone.
" Alphonsine, whom you cannot re-
" proach, will ever remain ignorant of
" your sentiments. Donna Diana is too
" much indebted to the Countess; she
" has too much delicacy, and too high
" notions of filial respect, ever to give the
" smallest countenance to your rebellious
" conduct. In short, you will distress
" your mother, without the least hope of
" ever obtaining her consent to a mar-
" riage which would crush her fondest
" hopes, and which, besides, Alphon-
" sine's illegitimate birth would necessa-

" rily

" rily render derogatory foı. you."—" De-
" rogatory! Pshaw! what predjudice!"—
" No; for that delicacy which you style
" prejudice, is an homage paid to good
" morals." — " Gracious Heaven! to
" love Alphonsine, to adore purity itself,
" would outrage good morals!"—" You
" pervert the meaning of what I say.
" Alphonsine herself is an angel; but her
" birth is a stain, which, without disgra-
" cing her innocence, still will stigma-
" tize him who shall receive her hand.
" Donna Diana has no doubt, by her re-
" signation, piety, and sublime repent
" ance, wiped off all her errors; but her
" virtues have not made amends for the
" misfortune of her daughter's birth.
" Our laws, out of respect to good mo-
" rals, conjugal faith, and public decency,

 " deprive

" deprive natural children of all rank in
" society, and in the very eyes of reason
" alone the disgraceful alliance which you
" wish to contract is inexcusable."—"Al-
" phonsine has many a title to my affec-
" tion. Is she not united to me by the
" ties of blood? Is she not the niece
" of my mother? and could my mother,
" if she consulted her own heart in this
" case too, see with displeasure the only
" daughter of a brother whom she che-
" rished becoming a member of her fa-
" mily?"—" Virtuous unions alone form
" relationships, no ties of blood proceed-
" ing from vice are ever acknowledged."
—" *From vice!*.... what an expres-
" sion!"—" It may seem harsh, but it
" is a just one."—" Ines, you may be
" very ready at argument; your calm
" and

" and indifferent soul can never know the
" power of a great passion."—" What,
" you think you evince more feeling than
" I, when, without remorse, you sacri-
" fice a mother, a friend!"—" You were
" just speaking about family interest; do
" you think that a heart possessed of
" sensibility and feeling should sacrifice
" itself to such considerations as those?"
—" No, but still they ought to weigh their
" share in the scale."—" I count them
" for nothing."—" Well, that's shewing
" yourself extremely ungrateful. How!
" our parents, from the earliest periods
" of our infancy till we leave them, are
" incessantly and sedulously labouring
" to ensure our fortune, our happiness,
" and future welfare; and we, when
" grown up, and preparing to enter into

 " so

" so important a contrast, are to dispense
" with consulting their views and wishes,
" and to bid adieu to all family consider-
" ation? I know such maxims as these pre-
" vail in novels, but they are not the less
" absurd nor the less guilty. To shew an
" utter indifference to the prosperity of
" our family, to distress a mother, to
" laugh at the censure of the world, and
" even ruin our reputation in the end,
" such are the proceedings which ap-
" pear interesting to you, and which
" you deem proofs of sensibility!....
" For my own part, I shall always more
" sincerely admire and respect filial obe-
" dience, attachment to our family, a
" natural wish to assist the views and pro-
" jects of our parents, and the sacrificing
" of a new sentiment to those sacred sen-

" timents which from our infancy we are
" taught to cherish. I shall never hesi-
" tate in choice between a lover and a
" brother, between you, Don Alvarez,
" and the man for whom I should feel
" some inclination. You may depend on
" such hearts; they are the best of hearts!"
—" Ah! if you did but love Dazeli as I
" love Alphonsine!"—" How! what do
" you mean to say by that?"—" Yes,
" Dazeli adores you, and you love him.
" Do you think that I have not the pe-
" netration to discover that grand secret?
" You love Dazeli, but after your own
" manner, coldly." — " Who? I love
" Dazeli?" — " As much as you can
" love."—" No; Don Alvarez, for I love
" you a thousand times more."—" But
" it is the passion of love which you en-

" tertain for him."—" You are dream-
" ing!"—" You never will be able to per-
" suade me to the contrary."—" Has he
" had the vanity to tell you this?"—
" Not in the leaſt; it was I who made
" the remark to him."—" *Remark!* ah!
" I flatter myself that he has *remarked*
" quite the contrary."—" I assure you
" not."—" I have undeceived him in this
" respect."—" What extravagant folly!"
—" Yes; but all on your part. You
" know very well that I entertain an in-
" vincible passion for another, and you
" with reason prefer an amiable and vir-
" tuous man, who is desperately in love
" with you to me, and nevertheless you
" permit in your wishes to marry me, and
" pride yourself on becoming unhappy
" yourself, and causing the misfortune

" of

" of your lover and me! This is what you
" call greatness of soul and wisdom!"—
" Oh! you give a ridiculous turn to a
" matter which is in itself very simple. In
" the first place, I am not in love; but
" if you are obstinate, and still suppose
" that I am so, you should profit by the
" noble example which I set you: this
" forbearance on my part is the more
" praiseworthy, as I might marry Da-
" zeli; whereas it is totally impossible
" that you should obtain the hand of
" Alphonsine. Is it then to be wondered
" at that I should wish to cure you of
" such a chimerical idea?"—" Ah! my
" dear Ines, if you have the courage to
" unite with me in avowing frankly to
" my mother your secret passion, we shall
" both be happy."—" Do not hope that

" I ever

" I ever will become an accomplice in a
" breach of engagement, and in filial dis-
" obedience: we have reciprocally pledg-
" ed our faith; your mother, ever since
" your birth to this very moment, has cal-
" culated upon this union, on which she has
" set her heart, and the whole happiness
" of her life. What consolation could you
" offer her, were i o renounce volunta-
" rily such engagement? At least if you
" are deficient in your duties, I wish to
" supply your place in them, in hopes
" that my respect and my tenderness may
" be a compensation to her for your
" folly."—" Whoever may be your hus-
" band, you will never cease to be her
" daughter; therefore she will have two
" instead of one."—" Ah! but the heart
" of Alphonsine, could she ever adopt a
" second

" second mother? Would Diana so
" jealous of her affection, permit her to
" give any other person that name? She
" will think she even makes a great
" effort in permitting her to love her hus-
" band and her children." — " I am at
" liberty to impart to my mother my con-
" jectures: I'll tell her that you love Da-
" zeli"—" I would not advise you to
" do it! for in order to convince her to
" the contrary, I should be capable of
" maintaining that I entertain for you a
" most invincible passion."—" Let us
" speak seriously: I am irrevocably re-
" solved to declare to my mother, with-
" out delay, my sentiments and my reso-
" lution. I will immediately go throw
" myself at her feet, and employ every
" means to prevail on her. Will you go

" with

"with me, and at least tell her that you "will behold my union with another at "least without chagrin?"—"No, for I "should deceive her; and besides, I "should increase the affection of one to "whom I am indebted for the education "and happiness which I have hitherto "enjoyed." At these words Don Alvarez, without answering, pulled the bell; a servant came in, and told him that the Countess was up: on which he abruptly departed. Ines, filled with sorrow, trouble, and anxiety, arose, and went to lock herself up in her chamber. The passion of Don Alvarez's seemed to her so extravagant, that she could not conceive it. Although Ines possessed great judgment and penetration, yet she had not so much perspicuity,

and

and her ideas were not so much exalted as to be able to appreciate the merit of Diana and Alphonsine: she loved the latter, whom she found interesting and handsome as an angel, but who appeared to her as a simpleton devoid both of wit and information. She did not perceive that Alphonsine possessed the true knowledge of science, that which a sublime and perfect morality gives to a pure, great, and soul; Ines, therefore, never spoke of Alphonsine, nor of that singular education which she had received: not approving of it herself, she rather chose to be silent than to criticise it.

In about twenty minutes Ines was extremely surprised on seeing Don Alvarez

eilter,

enter, whose paleness and discomfiture caused her the greatest alarm; "Good "God!" said she, "you have not had "time to speak, and you seem in so alarm-"ing a state! what can have happened?"—"Nothing of any consequence, my dear "Inès," answered Alvarez, forcing a smile, "I am affected."—At these words he seated himself near Ines, and taking her hand in his, "My friend," said he in a trembling voice, "our fate is at length "fixed; I resign myself to reason and "friendship: my life shall be consecra-"ted to you; we shall set off in two "hours for Madrid, for I must leave "this place; in three days I shall re-"ceive your hand.—"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Ines, "whence came this sud-"den and surprising change?"—"It is

"determined,

" determined, depend on my word; and,
" if the most tender friendship can render
" you happy, do not be alarmed about
" your destiny."—" Ah! Don Alvarez,"
said Ines in shedding some tears, " I only
" am thinking of your happiness. My
" friend," continued she, " what do
" you conceal from me? I know you
" full well; you have not changed your
" sentiments in so short a time. Ah! speak
" freely, open your heart to me."—
" Dear Ines," answered Don Alvarez,
" do you suspect that I wish to deceive
" you?"—" No, never.—" Well then,
" I swear that we shall be united in three
" days; I have pledged my word to my
" mother."—" And did you at the same
" time declare your sentiments to her?"—
" Yes; she answered me but a single

" word.

" word, and I yielded—I feel that one
" maternal word is sufficient."—" But
" you were so determined?"—" Let us
" depart immediately; I have but to give
" my orders: in two hours we shall get
" into our carriage.—And Dazeli?—un-
" fortunate man! I am going to apprise
" him of it." In saying these words
Don Alvarez went out, and ran to the
apartment of Dazeli: as soon as he saw
him, he threw himself into his arms and
burst into tears.—" Ah! my friend," ex-
claimed he, " it is all over with us!—I
" must renounce both love and happi-
" ness! I must marry Ines!"—" Graci-
" ous Heavens! after all that you have
" said to me, have you taken such a reso-
" lution, and so suddenly too, without re-
" sistance? without remonſtrance?"—

" Honour

" Honour prescribed it, and I should be
" the vilest of men if I hesitated for a mo-
" ment. I could resist authority and rea-
" son: but, Dazeli, you know as well as
" I that we cannot combat honour;
" therefore I yielded."—" But what is
" this powerful motive which could have
" determined you in this manner?"—
" It is impossible for me to tell you."—
" Then I am permitted to believe that it is
" chimerical?"—" No, not when I assure
" you that it is real."—" You are not ig-
" norant of my attachment for Ines;
" your fatal confidence authorized it. I
" do not possess your levity, therefore
" am left in despair."—" You shall know
" my secret as soon as I receive the hand
" of Ines."—" Of what use will it be to
" me to know it then?"—" I again re-
" peat

" peat to you that I must marry Ines,
" otherwise I should commit a dishonour-
" able act."—" You shall never espouse
" Ines till after you have deprived me of
" life."—" I understand you; let us go."
" —I follow you." In saying these words,
they both went out; Dazeli distracted
had taken his sword, which he carried under his arm without noticing that Don
Alvarez had not any. On the head of the
stair-case Don Alvarez said to him, " Go
" and wait for me in the wood; I will
" fetch my sword, and will be with you in
" an instant." They were yet speaking as
Ines was walking up stairs: she perceived
and guessed by their looks and countenance what had occurred: she advanced,
and looking at both, said, " Where are you
" going?"—" To take a walk! follow

" me."

" me." At these words she took Dazeli under the arm.—" Dazeli," said Don Alvarez, " I will attend you ;" and he ran to seek his sword, in order that he might immediately proceed to the wood. Ines, walking very fast, led Dazeli into a small parterre, which was between her apartments and those of the Countess; and there making him sit down by her under a vine-tree: " It is you," said she, " who " have provoked this !"—" I, Madam! " what do you mean ?"—" Disguise is " useless ; I have eyes, and a soul which " points it out to me more clearly." " Hear me, Dazeli: I need not tell you " that I shall never think but with horror " on the man who has embrued his hands " in the blood of Don Alvarez. You " ought not to doubt that, but I must

" tell

" tell you that I detest from the bottom
" of my soul him whom love could render
" an unjust, false, and barbarous friend.
" We can excuse a first emotion; but that
" moment past, repentance ought to suc-
" ceed anger."—"I lose you and can only
" feel that blow!"—"Consider our situati-
" on."—" Just Heavens! shall you be un-
" happy also?"—"Do you imagine that I
" can be happy when I see Don Alvarez in
" despair?"—"Ah! I know very well you
" only think of him."—"Not of him alone,
" but of you also, Bazeli. I wish to preserve
" such a recollection of you, that may
" always be dear to me: I wish to esteem
" you; and when Don Alvarez and my-
" self have followed our duty, my con-
" science will never be satisfied, unless you
" fulfil yours also. . . . . Yes, I should

" reproach

" reproach myself for the opinion which
" I had conceived of your greatness of
" soul and generosity. We may be con-
" soled for the loss of a lover, but we
" externally lament that of a friend."—
" Heavens! what language! and must I
" hear it at this moment! Ah, be assured
" that I abjure from the bottom of my
" soul a guilty transport, and that I had
" rather a thousand times pierce my own
" heart than attempt the life of Don Al-
" varez."—"Oh, Dazeli!" said Ines lifting
her eyes full of tears up to Heaven, " we
" are separated by virtue; but we have its
" blessings and its authority, and it en-
" obles our self-denial!"—" Ines, dear
" Ines," exclaimed Dazeli, casting him-
self at her feet, " I swear to consecrate
" my life to that severe virtue which

" you make me adore, and which will
" always prove a grateful homage to you.
" I run to embrace Don Alvarez; but,"
continued he with enthusiasm, " I will,
" before I quit this spot, for ever break
" that steel which is become profane by
" a criminal transport." In saying these
words he ran the point of his sword
into the earth, and broke it in pieces.—
" Let me gather up these fragments so
" precious to me," said Ines; " they
" will bring to my mind a recollection
" which I may be allowed to retain!"—
At these words Dazeli seized the hand of
Ines, and pressed it in his in trembling: at
that moment he heard a noise; and im-
printing his trembling lips on the hand of
Ines, he tore himself from her and disap-
peared. He flew towards the little wood,
where

where he met Don Alvarez: he ran to him with open arms; and those two friends, equally to be pitied, embraced each other tenderly, and without speaking a word; immediately after which, Dazeli hastily departed, and Don Alvarez lost sight of him. Don Alvarez, turning his steps another way, approached the skirts of the wood, and seated himself upon the stump of a tree facing Diana's pavillion? he fixed his eyes full of tears on the building, which he only perceived in perspective. "Oh you," said he, "sole object of "all my dreams of happiness for three "years! while I am consumed by un-"availing regrets, while my distracted "heart bids you an eternal adieu, what "are your occupations? You calmly fol-"low your innocent employments; you

 "smile

" smile on your happy mother, and pre-
" serve all your serenity! you smile, and
" I die! You would loved me—I saw
" and knew it: nevertheless (oh distract-
" ing thought!) you will live for an-
" other! and I shall not be able to op-
" pose the audacious designs of a detested
" rival, shall not be able to attack him,
" and revenge myself! What! that futu-
" rity in which my deluded fancy placed
" you to enchant every moment of it,
" that will now elapse, alas! without you!
" What will become of me? Oh, Heaven!
" banished for ever far from you, far from
" this cherished spot where I caused your
" first blushes, where I raised in your
" ingenuous heart the first presentiments
" of love! Alas! friendship can no longer
" console me, and can only aggravate my

" pains!

" pains!....Ines, from the bottom of her
" soul, formed other wishes too; and
" what will she not suffer at sight of my
" sorrows?... Her charms, her virtues,
" not make me forget this heavenly in-
" comparable being, whom none other
" on earth resembles!"—Here Don Alvarez paused: he heard his name resound from every part, and he distinguished the voice of Ines among those which called him. He stretched out his arms towards the pavillion with a distracted heart: " Alphonsine! Alphon-
" sine!" exclaimed he, " I am going to
" leave you for ever, and without cau-
" sing you a tear or sigh, without exci-
" ting in your sensible soul one single
" emotion of pity, and without making
" you acquainted either with my love or
" despair!

"despair!" Tears stopped his utterance; and now he heard the voice of Ines more distinctly, he immediately lifted up his eyes, and turning about, perceived Ines. He advanced towards her, and taking hold of her arm, he suffered himself silently to be led by her. On re-entering the castle, he startled in seeing the carriage quite ready; he passed by the door of Diana's pavillion, which stood half opened; by an irresistible impulse he quitted the arm of Ines, and entered the yard. After having proceeded about thirty paces he stopped; an invincible and painful charm fixed him motionless on this place. He heard a clear and delightful voice (the voice of Alphonsine) accompanied by a guitar, which sang these words:

Air

Air.

I.

Thou gift of Heaven, O blessed Peace,
Offspring of thought divine!
Bid faithful hearts their longings cease,
And ever dwell in mine!
The Lord who watch'd my infant hour,
Protected well my youth,
Will now extend his guardian power
O'er innocence and truth.
Thou gift of Heaven, O blessed Peace,
Offspring of thought divine!
Bid faithful hearts their longings cease,
And ever dwell in mine.

II.

The day serene, the tranquil night,
These pleasing groves afford
Here ever fix my last delight,
In this asylum—Lord!

 O silent

O silent shades! my natal place,
When I thy joys forego;
Can purer sky the landscape grace,
Or stars more brilliant glow?
Thou gift of Heaven, &c. &c.

III.

The tranquil close of summer's eve,
Like twilight's dawn appears;
So life's decline will peaceful leave
A mind devoid of cares.
The low'ring storms which distant fly,
My heart secure shall scorn;
Without a cloud, my evening sky
Shall brighten like the morn.
Thou gift of Heaven, &c. &c.

Who can possibly describe the effects which this voice and these words produced on the distracted soul of Don Alvarez? It seemed to him as if Alphonsine, by vaunting her tranquillity, meant to insult

insult his alarming fears: love raised to the highest degree of exaltation, distracting thoughts of self-denial, an oppressive load of sorrow, plunged this unfortunate young man, overpowered by his passion, into an alarming state of frenzy and stupor. In vain did Ines endeavour to tear him from this fatal spot: he neither saw nor heard her; leaning against the wall, his head hanging upon his breast, his eyes affixed to the earth, he remained mute and immoveably fixed to the spot. At length Ines going some paces from him, "Adieu, Don Alvarez," said she: "since you so soon betray a "voluntary engagement, I must leave "you; I shall now be able to forget you." At these words Don Alvarez started; he could still hear the voice of honour. He

 precipitately

precipitately followed Ines, overtook her, and pressing her in his arms, said with a voice half-stifled, "Pity me, and do not "leave me." Ines embraced him weeping; "Oh, my friend!" said she, "why did not "heaven make me your sister?" In saying these words, she led him no. they arrived in the court-yard of the castle. Don Alvarez perceived the Countess; he collected all his strength, advanced, and gave his mother his arm; she entered the carriage with Ines, while Don Alvarez, pale and trembling, placed himself opposite to them; and thus they set off for Madrid.

CHAP. XL.

DIANA was not ignorant of the departure of Don Alvarez, but Alphonsine had not the least idea of it. The Countess and Ines had never spoken of it before her, and had departed without taking their leave.

Alphonsine, on the day that Don Alvarez had made his appearance, evinced, during the rest of that whole day, a sort of involuntary uneasiness, which did not

escape the penetrating eye of Diana. The two days following a sort of secret expectation was perceivable in all her actions. When she heard any noise in the anti-chamber, she laid down her work or her book, to listen; she then would take them up again with a disappointed air, and heaving a low sigh, which none but the attentive ear of a mother could hear. If the door was opened, she would turn her head quickly about, and immediately after a shade of sorrow and disappointment would cloud her charming countenance. But as all other impressions which she received, far from cherishing or recalling this new inclination, incessantly inspired her with ideas entirely opposite to love, those slight emotions soon grew weakened. Alphonsine was no longer *on*

the

the expectation; and these disquietudes gone, she resumed all her former serenity. However, to be better assured of it, Diana thought it her duty to make a fresh trial. About four days after the departure of Don Alvarez, she negligently one evening mentioned this news. Alphonsine was affected: "And why," said "she, "did they go away so soon?"—"To be married immediately."—"What! "Ines and . . . ." she said no more, the second name which she had to pronounce expired on her lips. "Yes," said Diana, "Ines and Don Alvarez: they were to "be married immediately on their arrival, "and by this time the nuptials are over. "Ines goes now by the name of the Duchess d'Olmas. It will be a long time "before we shall see them again: they

"will

" will henceforth keep the summer on
" an estate which belongs to the Coun-
" tess. The castle was falling to ruin;
" it has been nearly all rebuilt. This is
" the reason the Countess did not inhabit
" it sooner; but the repairs are finished."
Here Alphonsine, who was standing, sat down. Diana, who was all this time at work, did not venture to look at her during the whole time of this story. She at length cast a look towards her, but without seeming to take any particular notice of her; and the fine blooming colour of Alphonsine appeared somewhat fading away. That same evening they, for the first time, the last twelve days, took a long walk in the fields by moonlight, when Don Alvarez was nearly forgotten. Alphonsine returned quite calm; she

only

only sighed one single time, and that was on her re-entering the castle. During the night Diana's rest alone was disturbed; she watched her daughter, and by the light of the lamp she saw her sleep: she had suffered much more than Alphonsine, but she was remunerated for her uneasiness on seeing her take a most profound repose. The next morning at day-break Diana awakened Alphonsine, and pressing her to get up, promised her a sail on the water, which they had hitherto only made by moonlight: they set out at six o'clock. On embarking, Diana said to the boatman, *To the Isle of Alphonsine.* "How, mamma!" said Alphonsine delighted, "is it the Isle of Citron-"trees which you call by this name?" —"Yes, my child," answered Diana; "it

" it is a present which I wish to make
" you this day; and you shall see why I
" have always refused to take you again
" there. I never saw that sweet isle but
" once, and that was in the night, and so
" long ago! Now, that it is yours, you
" shall go there whenever you please;
" and you may amuse yourself by culti-
" vating it as your garden." At these
words Alphonsine evinced that childish
joy which is no longer felt at a season
when the passions commence to disorder
the imagination. Her young heart always
palpitated for the amusements of her age;
love, of which she knew nothing but the
name, had scarcely touched her innocent
heart: Alphonsine was even too young
and too pure for love, to be any thing
more with her than mere instinct. She
without

without doubt loved Don Alvarez; but that inclination was nothing more than sympathy, than a soft and tender friendship; and if it was attended with some little embarrassment and bashfulness, it was because she knew that it was improper to love a young man without being either his sister or his wife.

They arrived at the isle; and on debarking they at first crossed a small citron grove, and afterwards entered into a long and wide walk of white cassia trees; they were all in high blossom, and their branches were entwined by garlands of white flowers. Beneath each of these festoons was placed a small pedestal of white marble, supporting a superb alabaster vase, filled with lilies and tuberoses.

A rivulet

A rivulet of clear and limpid water divided this fine alley into two equal parts, and gently flowed between two banks of white stock gillies. About half-way up the alley Alphonsine heard the murmuring of a fountain. This noise awakened in her mind the recollection of the fountain in the cavern; she joined her hands together, and naturally assumed that modest deportment she usually had in church. Having reached the extremity of the alley, she perceived with raptures a little mountain covered with white roses and jessamines; from the middle of which a cascade was seen spouting, which afterwards flowing in soft murmurs among the flowers, formed the rivulet they had just coasted along. From amongst the midst of these odoriferous shrubs, and at the sum-

mit

mit of the mountain, arose a superb groupe of white marble, representing Innocence taking shelter in the arms of Religion. The latter figure held in one hand her chalice on her breast, and with the other seemed to support Innocence, who leaned on her with all the security of piety and faith. Diana explained this allegory. "It "is impossible," said she, "without the "assistance of religion, to preserve our "innocence to the end of our career. "Therefore when any inclination of ours "is not approved of by reason, we must, "with a new fervour, have recourse to "religion, who supports and strengthens "us in the evils of life; the greatest of "which is doubtless to fail in our duties." Alphonsine listened to this dis-

course

course with a religious attention; and she afterwards proceeded to take possession of her island, which she explored all over, and where she was delighted to find several beautiful and variegated prospects.

From that day Diana observed that Alphonsine added some more requests to her former prayers; but she had resumed her hilarity and application to her studies. She sighed, however, on entering his chamber, at times: it was there she had beheld Don Alvarez again; it was there he had wept in so affecting a manner; and how is it possible to forget the first tears of love? .... One evening as Alphonsine sat pensive, Diana asked

her

her unexpectedly what she was thinking about? She blushed a little, and drawing near her mother, "Mamma," said she, "I have been desirous this long time to "speak to you about it."—"Well, my dear "child, wherefore did you delay it?"— "I don't know."—"What is it then?"— "Mamma, I often think on Don Alva-"rez, and yet much less of late."— "You know, my child, indeed you have "read in the Holy Scriptures, that *a young "girl ought not to fix her looks on a "man*; therefore she ought not to fix "her thoughts neither."—"Certainly, "mamma, and I do not fix my thoughts "on him; but it is the idea of him that "returns incessantly, I do not know "how."—"You ought invariably to re-"ject

" ject it; but, however, it is not to be
" wondered at, that the thought of him
" should have occurred to you frequently.
" Don Alvarez is going to marry your
" friend; he is the son of the Countess
" whom you love; so that the idea of
" him is very naturally connected with
" that of two persons who are dear to
" you. . . ."—" This is true: but what
" seems to me very strange is, that I love
" Don Alvarez at least as much as I do
" Ines."—" That is not reasonable."—
" I can feel it." —" Well, my child,
" the best way is not to speak of him;
" and invariably to banish from your
" mind his image, whenever it offers it-
" self, and soon you will forget him all
" together."—" Yes, mamma, I will do
" so."

"so." At these words Diana, without seeming to attach any more importance to the subject, began to speak of other things. Two days after Diana, who for the last week had fancied her apartment was extremely inconvenient, and who complained it was neither airy nor cheerful, removed into another chamber, which in fact was infinitely pleasanter. The dangerous room, which brought back the recollection of Don Alvarez, was abandoned, and the door of it locked up. The new apartment was most sumptuously and elegantly furnished: Alphonsine found it delightful, and soon sighed no more on her return from walking. The visiting her isle, her walks, her occupations, her conversations with her

mother,

mother, and excellent readings, insensibly succeeded to efface a dangerous impression, which however had never been deep enough to leave traces, or to disturb her repose and peace of mind.

CHAP. XLI.

We left the Countess, together with her son and Ines, on the road to Madrid: let us now proceed to explain the mysterious conduct of Don Alvarez, and discovered the powerful motive which induced him so unexpectedly to accept the hand of Ines. Two hours before her departure the Countess had sent a messenger to Don Juan (who, as we said before, was guardian to Ines), requesting that he would wait for them instead of coming to

her castle: she further named the day when she would arrive, and desired she might be favoured with a private conversation with him on the moment she should alight from her carriage. The instant she entered Madrid, she sent word of her arrival to Don Juan, who waited upon her immediately; and, according to the Countess's previous orders, was shewn up into her closet through a back staircase; a few minutes after which, the Countess appeared, shut herself up with him, and addressed him thus: "At length "I am the happiest of mothers, after ha-"ving experienced the most torturing "anxiety: my son consents to marry "Ines; the articles shall be signed "this evening; and to-morrow I shall, "without further ceremony, lead him

"to

"to the altar. But all may fail yet, "unless you assist me at least by your "silence. I only beg that you will not "contradict me; that is to say, that you "will follow the line I am going to lay "down for you."—"How, Madam?" ....—"This requires some explanation, "and you shall have it. My son harbours "a romantic passion for young Alphon-"sine."—"What! the daughter of "Donna Diana de Mendoce!" Don Juan asked this question with a considerable degree of emotion, which did not surprise the Countess (for she had learned from Diana Don Juan's passion for Alphonsine, and the suit he had preferred); and she entertained no doubt but that this discovery would further her views, as it would be the interest of Don Juan to

lend her his assistance; but she appeared ignorant of his sentiments, and simply answering his question: "Yes," said she, "and this child, so full of innocence, "whom he has seen but once since his "return, has no suspicion of my son's "folly. He entered Diana's apartment "by stratagem; and was so much affect-"ed, that Diana easily read it in his "heart. She has imparted her suspi-"cions to me by means of the curate of "the parish, the only man whom she ad-"mits to see her. I then entertained no "doubt but my son would hasten to dis-"cover his passion to me, and intreat me "to give my consent, which nothing in "the universe could wring from me. "I never will accept of any other daugh-"ter-in-law but Ines; meanwhile, know-

'ing

" ing as I do, my son's obstinate, though
" proud and generous, disposition, I was
" aware that he would sacrifice his pas-
" sion to no other consideration but that
" of honour; and, after long meditation
" on the subject, I found a way which
" appeared to me infallible, to ensure his
" obedience to my wishes, which I de-
" termined to adopt. My son, as I ex-
" pected, came and spoke to me openly.
" He entered my apartment on the mo-
" ment of our departure, threw himself
" at my feet, and confessed his sentiments
" with all the warmth and eloquence of
" passion. I listened to him calmly; and
" when he had done speaking, 'My son,'
" said I, 'you may remember that for
" some days past I have several times re-
" quested you would take the trouble to

" Look into the state of Ines's fortune, and
" make enquiry on the subject from my
" steward, who, having the necessary
" papers in his possession, will give you
" ample information. Scarcely would
" you listen to me.'. . . . — ' Well!' re-
" plied Don Alvarez impatiently.—
" ' Well, my son, had you taken that
" trouble you would have learned that, in
" consequence of her former guardian's
" misconduct, Ines is entirely ruined.'
" At these words Don Alvarez turned
" pale. ' Is it possible?' exclaimed he ;
" ' I reminded him of a circumstance
" which in fact had really occurred ;
" namely, that this first guardian, con-
" trary to my advice, had ventured con-
" siderable sums belonging to Ines in the
" freighting of ships, and other such un-
" dertakings.'—

" dertakings.' —' Yes, Madam,' inter-
" rupted Don Juan; ' but this temerity
" has greatly increased the fortune of his
" pupil.' — ' I know it,' replied the
" Countess; ' but it was requisite that I
" should persuade my son to the contrary,
" in which I fully succeeded. He recol-
" lected all the apprehensions which I had
" formerly testified respecting that guar-
" dian's conduct; and that, within the
" last few days, I had several times appear-
" ed desirous of conversing with him on
" the subject: he was convinced that I
" had hitherto remained ignorant of his
" passion, and therefore could not sus-
" pect me of having prepared this scheme.
" In short, this artifice is the first I ever
" employed with him, so that he did not
" entertain the smallest suspicion, and re-

 " mained

" mained, confounded and in dismay.
" From a motive of delicacy, which you
" can easily conceive,' continued I, ' my
" intention was not to apprise Ines of this
" disastrous circumstance until after the
" nuptials had taken place: you were
" the only person I owed this account to;
" and now, my son, I have but one word
" to say. Ines, who is engaged with you
" ever since your infancy; Ines, who has
" been educated under the same roof with
" you, and with your own consent, look-
" ed to becoming your wife, Ines has
" lost all her fortune; she has nothing,
" and Alphonsine is a rich heiress. It
" will be said that her considerable
" wealth has induced you to overlook the
" illegitimacy of her birth; it will be
" said, that you broke the most solemn

" engage-

" engagement, only on learning the dis-
" aster of Ines. Will you be able to en-
" dure such language?'—' Enough,' re-
" plied my son: ' forget this fatal con-
" versation; I am ready to marry Ines,
" but let us away from this place!' —
" ' Well, we will set off for Madrid this
" very day.' — ' Most willingly.'—' Let
" us no longer delay a marriage so neces-
" sary to your fame and character; were
" we to defer it any longer, Ines might
" become acquainted with her situation.'
" —' You must be married on the day
" after your arrival at Madrid.'—' I give
" you my word.' Such was our conver-
" sation. My steward is apprised of it:
" Ines is ignorant of the whole: this even-
" ing the articles are to be signed; you
" and I alone shall read them. Ines and

" my son will not think of asking to look at
" them! but were that to happen, I have
" taken care to provide two false copies,
" which shall be put into their hands se-
" parately, but which I am sure they will
" not attempt to read.—' And now, Ma-
" dam,' said Don Juan, ' may I venture
" to ask you what you expect of me!"—
" ' It may happen,' replied the Coun-
" tess, ' that my son should speak to
" you this evening about the ruin of Ines;
" that being placed near you, he should
" speak in a low voice, or that per-
" haps from sudden reflection he may de-
" mand a private conversation with you.
" What I ask therefore is, that you will
" avoid all chance of this by merely ta-
" king care to remain near Ines, and to
" quit us the moment the articles are

" signed.

" signed. On leaving my house, go into
" the country till to-morrow evening, in
" order that Don Alvarez may neither
" have an opportunity of seeing you, or
" writing to you; this is all that I have to
" beg.'—' I am extremely sorry, Ma-
" dam,' replied Don Juan; ' but it is
" quite out of my power to do any one
" of the things which you require of me.'
—" ' How! what, to preserve silence
" on a secret which I have confided to
" you!'—' Permit me to tell you, Ma-
" dam, that a secret revealed from mo-
" tives of interest alone, is no proof of
" confidence; besides, my silence in
" such a case, would be countenancing a
" falsehood and treason.'—' It would en-
" sure the happiness of a whole family,
" prevent the breaking of a solemn en-

 " gagement,

"gagement, save a young man from a
"most guilty error, and give him a
"charming, virtuous, and accomplished
"bride, who is the greatest heiress in all
"Spain. What I propose to you, Sir, is,
"does not appear to me a very wicked
"transaction.'—'Its consequences, I am
"willing to own, might be fortunate; but
"the transaction, Madam, would at all
"events be extremely blameable on my
"part, and in my particular situation
"would wear the aspect of a vile and
"disgraceful perfidy, as it would rid me
"of a dangerous rival; for I confess to
"you, Madam, that I love Alphonsine,
"and have demanded her hand."

So frank a declaration left the Countess no hopes. Struck and confounded, she

she mused awhile, then resumed: "Well,
" Sir," said she, " do not come at all,
" and leave me the powers to sign." . . .
—" No, Madam: it is indispensably ne-
" necessary that Don Sancho should
" be undeceived, and this very evening
" too."—" Ah, this is too much!" ex-
claimed the Countess in a violent fit of
rage: " what rights have you over my
" son?" — " None; but Ines is my
" ward; and I will not suffer injurious
" reports respecting her fortune to be
" spread abroad." — " You wish then
" to carry discord into my family, and
" make me quarrel with my son?"—
" On the contrary, Madam, this can only
" give you new claims to his gratitude
" and affection. I shall not mention this
" conversation, you may depend on my
" word;

" word; but on this condition, however,
" that you will apprise Don Alvarez that
" you only wanted to put him to trial, in
" order to find out whether, amidst the
" the transports of his passion, he had
" retained due sentiments of honour and
" generosity."—" No, Sir," returned the
" Countess, I never will arrogate to my-
" self credit for what I have not intended.
" You are resolved to cause the eternal
" misfortune of my whole life by your
" false notions of delicacy."—" Your-
" self, Madam, on recollection, are too
" noble-minded not to approve my secret:
" your ingenious artifice does infinite ho-
" nour to Don Alvarez, and to those
" principles which you have instilled into
" him; such conduct was excusable in a
" mother, but it would be disgraceful
" in

" in the guardian of Ines, in the rival of
" Don Alvarez."

Well-timed praises, and a homage paid by a person of transcendant merit, will always (spite of the most powerful interests) soothe the anger and resentment of a woman. This is the very reason why women in general evince weakness and imprudence in the transacting of business. They are too easy to be prevailed on, even when it is impossible to seduce them; it is always practicable to move their feelings, shake their resolutions, and lead them much further than they at first had any idea of going.

The Countess, extremely disappointed, but soothed and gratified in her vanity by praises

praises from so distant a character as Don Juan, arose, emphatically, and with a solemn voice, commanded one of her servants to fetch her son. Don Alvarez came; and the Conntess, without any preamble whatever, plainly told him the whole truth in the presence of D. n Juan, whom she had prevailed upon to stay. "It
" is Don Juan," said she, " who forces me
" to this confession; he wanted me to
" arrcgate to myself the credit of it with
" you: but if, for one moment; and for
" the sake of your glory and happiness,
" I was deluded into deceiving you, I am
" incapable of arrogating any merit to
" myself for my own gratification."—
" Generous Don Juan!" exclaimed Don Alvarez.—" My son," replied the Countess, " if you were inclined to do your
" duty

"duty also, you would at once come and
"sign the articles."—"Ah," answered
he, "pray give me time to breathe."—
"Don Alvarez," said Don Juan, "you
"were going to yield to public opinion
"before; has a mother's voice less power
"over you?"—"My misfortune cannot
"make her happiness; I might sacrifice
"all my fondest hopes, but I am sure
"this would not make her happy in the
"end."" The Countess, though firmly
resolved never to give that consent her
son had requested, was moved at this
last expression, and particularly pleased
at the idea that Don Juan had heard it,
it being a sort of apology for a disobedi-
ence which equally wounded her heart
and her vanity. She held out her hand
to Don Alvarez, who received it with one

knee

knee on the ground. The Countess at that moment looked at Don Juan with an air almost of triumph; Don Juan smiled, made her a low bow, and withdrew.

This sarcastic smile wounded the Countess, and gave her back all her arrogance. She began a long speech. Don Alvarez answered with every expression of profound respect, but still persisted in shewing the firmest resolution not to marry Ines. The Countess grew angry; addressed menaces and reproaches, but all in vain. After a very violent scene, during which the Countess several times renewed the vows of opposing, with all her might, to what she called so dishonourable an alliance. Don Alvarez contented himself with asking leave to remain for a

fortnight

fortnight on that estate of his mother's where the castle had been repaired. He knew that some business and various other engagements would yet detain the Countess at Madrid upwards of a month. The Countess consented, on condition that M. Antonio should stay with him, which was submitted to by Don Alvárez, who, as he said, wished only to compose himself in solitude, and, if possible, endeavour to recall his wandering reason. The Countess, perfectly satisfied, agreed to this project, relying at the same time with firm confidence on M. Antonio's cares and vigilance.

Don Alvarez locked himself up in his chamber, where his first care was to write to Dazeli, to acquaint him with all that

had

had passed. He afterwards formed great projects, gave particular instructions to Perez, his trusty valet, and hastened his preparation for his departure. During this interval the Countess discovered every thing to Ines, who was infinitely more surprised than grieved on seeing the match broken off for the second time.

CHAP. XLII.

THE next morning early the Countess had a long conversation with M. Antonio, who was strangely surprised to learn that Don Alvarez entertained a great passion, and that he refused the hand of Ines. "This confounds me," said he, "for "I always heard him speak of Donna "Ines with a great deal of veneration." —"Heavens! M. Antonio, we have no "business with veneration!—I tell you "that

" that he is desperately in love with
" Alphonsine."—" That is very singu-
" lar; he never mentioned a word to me."
—" But it is no less true, and I earnestly
" entreat you to accompany him to the
" castle."—" I must confess that I am at
" this moment occupied with a discovery
" which requires an infinite deal of labour,
" and. . ."—" You will be able to work in
" that solitude a great deal better than at
" Madrid. I do not desire you to give
" him any lessons."—"However, nothing
" can better cure this folly than his taking
" a taste for the sciences."—" I only want
" you to watch him and his attendants.
" What do you think of that Perez? is
" he honest?"—" Oh, Perez is a very
" honest fellow; he gave me a very ex-
" act account of the expences during our

" travels."

" travels."—" Very well; take him with
" with you, and do not fail to question
" him every day. One thing I am
" pleased with, that my son did not in
" the least seem vexed when I told him
" that I wished you to accompany him;
" which convinces me that he really
" means to stop peaceably on that state."
—" I will answer for it, Madam, that
" Don Alvarez is a young man of such
" description, that he is incapable of com-
" mitting any wild tricks."—" Oh, if
" you could but cure his head!"—" No-
" thing is more easy."—" I assure you,
" M. Antonio, that you are mistaken if
" you think he does not entertain the
" most lively passions; I have remarked
" from his infancy that he was of a vio-
" lent disposition."—" Oh, that was
" childishness,

childishness, and nothing else. In short,
" during the two years he was under
" my care, he never formed the least
" intrigue."—"Are you sure of that?"—
" Oh! as I am of my own existence:
" ask Perez; we constantly watched
" him, without his perceiving it, and
" we could not discover the least thing."
" —If you did but know how he loves
" this girl!"—" Oh, that will all pass
" off; they said she was bred in total ig-
" norance!"—" Oh, but she is charm-
" ing!"—" Yet when he comes to com-
" pare her with a lady of so much me-
" rit and knowledge of the world as
" Donna Ines!"—" M. Antonio, he must
" set off this evening or to-morrow
" morning."—" Very well, Madam: I
" am obliged to go, and read a disserta-

" tion

" tion to the academy this evening; but
" to-morrow I shall be ready to obey
" your orders."—" Oh, what a service
" you will render me! Knowing that you
" are with him, I shall not be the least
" uneasy, and I shall finish my business
" quietly."

The following day Don Alvarez sat out accordingly with M. Antonio, without having been able to muster sufficient courage to see Ines, to whom, however, he wrote a short but tender note before he entered the carriage. By thus quitting her without bidding her farewell, he wished to avoid hearing useless remonstrances, and the trouble of disguising his true sentiments, in order to conceal his projects from a person whom although

he cherished, he still thought too nnsteady to make his confidant. Besides, he was very certain that Ines from the bottom of her soul, was not afflicted at this unexpected catastrophe; and his joy at being at liberty, was still more augmented on thinking that Ines and Dazeli would both feel the same emotions.

Don Alvarez and his Mentor arrived at an early hour the same evening on the estate of the Countess. Don Alvarez, during the whole of the journey, entertained M. Antonio with nothing but the desire he experienced to resign himself solely to solitude, to sciences and meditation, in order that he might at length triumph over an unfortunate attachment: he spoke so well on all these things, that the good Antonio

Antonio listened with his eyes more than once filled with tears; above all, when he entered into the detail of the profound study which he should make in his chemistry and botany. Don Alvarez took up his apartments on the ground floor; and M. Antonio, who was mortally afraid of damp, was lodged, according to his own desire, on the side of the castle on the first-floor, an apartment which he had himself chosen because it led into a great stone terrace, which he found very commodious for a great many experiments which he wished to make in the open air. Don Alvarez, declared that he could not dine before four o'clock, and M. Antonio was accustomed to dine at one; for which reason, in order not to interfere with each other, it was agreed that each should

time in his own separate apartment. On the following day Don Alvarez waited on Antonio to ask him for some books and for some chymical instruments. M. Antonio, delighted with his zeal, told him that the waggon loaded with all his utensils would not arrive till the evening; "but," added he, "it is not necessary "that you should have them in your "apartment; you may come and see me "make my experiments; I shall have "some new and very curious."—"No, "no," said Don Alvarez, "I will have "an alembic of my own, together with "some crucibles, in order to exercise "myself by repeating the first experi- "ments which I have seen you make." —"But do you recollect them well "enough?"—"You shall see."—"It "is

"is certain that we gain more knowledge
" by working ourselves; but, perhaps,
" you will fail at first."—"No, I am
" sure I shall be able to accomplish it:
" for a fortnight I will have no other
" guide but my memory and my book,
" and then you shall judge of my pro-
" gress."—" So till then I shall not in-
" spect your labours."—"Oh no, you need
" not; I shall lock myself up in my cham-
" ber, and will not even see you. If I
" should meet with any difficulty, I will
" write to you."—"Behold, this is a pro-
" per zeal!"—" Be assured of that."—
" But will it hold long?"—" Oh, do not
" doubt it."—" Well, you will make
" your way, I will answer for it."—
" That is my intention."—" Well then,
" let it be settled so. Do you go and

 " work

"work alone for a fortnight; for that is
"just the time that I want to make some
"particular experiments, after which we
"will join, and always remain together."

After this arrangement, Don Alvarez took away all the books which M. Antonio gave him; and before he quitted his penetrating Mentor, he returned to him two or three times, entreating him earnestly not to forget the alembic and crucibles, and thus left M. Antonio in the greatest extasy to see this wonderful disposition.

As soon as the waggon arrived, M. Antonio hastened to send to his studious pupil an ample apparatus, together with

several

several drugs which he had expressed a wish to have. In the evening M. Antonio walked down into the park, and beheld with some surprise three or four of the gardener's men running after butterflies. He asked them about it, and they answered that they had received orders from Don Alvarez to bring him all the butterflies in the garden, dead or alive; adding at the same time, that all the maid-servants of the castle were busily employed on their part to collect all the spiders, scorpions, and other small insects, that they could find. "Good!" said M. Antonio to himself; "he has also "a taste for natural history."—A few paces further he saw Perez on the grass plat gathering herbs. "What are you doing there, Perez?" said he.—"I am

 "looking

" looking after some cow-grass."—" For
" Don Alvarez?"—" Oh, Sir, it is a
" mania with him! you were in the right
" to say that he would enter at last into
" the spirit of it."—"Perez, we must take
" care to keep up these dispositions:
" à propos, has he got a microscope? be-
" cause I know he is collecting a great
" quantity of insects."—" He had prohi-
" bited their telling you of it."—" What,
" did he not wish I should know it?"
" —Certainly not; he was enjoying the
" thought that he was preparing some-
" thing which would surprise you very
" much. He was telling me just now,
" M. Antonio will be much surprised in
" a fortnight."—" Really?"—" Upon
" my honour, these were his very words."
—" Well, Perez, if by chance he should

" take

" take it in his head to write to any other
" persons but those of whom the Countess
" gave me the list when we set out, you
" must apprize me of it."—" Oh, Sir,
" you may be sure that I will give you
" a good account of it, and with the
" same sincerity as when we were on our
" travels." After this the faithful Perez
re-entered the castle, in order to complete
all the preparations for the secret flight of
his young master.

Don Alvarez set out the same night in
a post-chaise which waited for him, at
about five hundred paces distance from the
castle; and only took with him a young
postillion, about sixteen years of age,
whom he had brought from England.
He left in the possession of Perez about

 a dozen

a dozen small notes, which he was to give successively to M. Antonio, as if Don Alvarez had written them in his chamber; sometimes consulting him about his experiments, sometimes asking him to send him a book. Perez, and another confidential servant of Don Alvarez, were the only persons who entered his empty chamber under the pretext of waiting on him, where they ate the dinner and supper which they took in. This was the contrivance, and the way it went on three weeks; whilst M. Antonio was making his fine chemical experiments on the terrace, and writing to the Countess that he had obtained a complete triumph, and that Don Alvarez had zealously resigned himself to the study of the sciences.

CHAP. XLIII.

Don Alvarez proceeded post haste night and day, and soon reached the kingdom of Grenada. He had learned from Perez, eight days before he set off, that there was a neat small house to be sold, which was situated in a wood, about twelve miles distant from Diana's castle; and although he had no fixed project in his mind at the time, he had secretly purchased it under a fictitious name, charmed with the idea that he had ac-

quired a small possession so near to Alphonsine's habitation. There he arrived, under the name of Blisnann, with his jockey, who was totally unknown in that province; and who, as he had been in the service of Don Alvarez for upwards of a year, was tolerably well acquainted with the Spanish language. He sent him out to obtain some information; and on his return he told his master that Don Juan had arrived on his estate but two days before. Don Alvarez's jealousy did not permit him to remain quiet in his retreat; and the better to disguise himself he put on the dress of a poor peasant, with an old gray wig, placing a patch on his left eye; and thus equipped, in the evening, about six o'clock, he strayed about Diana's castle. What was his fury when he perceived, at

one of the gates, a groom in Don Juan's livery, holding two horses, and whom he heard say to another domestic, "I am "going to wait for my master at the end "of the elm walk; it is there he will "again take his horse." — So then the happy Don Juan is in the castle! Diana has received him! he has seen Alphonsine! their marriage is settled! He is to espouse Alphonsine. . . . These ideas distracted Don Alvarez; "He must first deprive me of life!" exclaimed he, concealing himself behind the gate, resolved there to wait for his rival. There were very few servants in the castle; there was but one passed the gate who did not perceive Don Alvarez hid behind the wall, and keeping a profound silence. In about three

three quarters of an hour after, Don Alvarez saw Don Juan come out alone on foot; he immediately sprang towards him, saying, "Stop!" Don Juan, casting his eyes on this strange figure, took him at first for some beggar asking his charity. He felt in his pocket to give him something; but Don Alvarez said, in a menacing tone, "Follow me, I have a word "to say to you." Don Juan, after some surprise, recognised him. "I under-"stand you," said he; "but do you "mean to fight with a crutch?"—"I "desire you'll meet me at eight o'clock "this evening in the olive-grove?"—"I "detest duelling, and I refuse it; I will "never accept an assignation of this kind; "but I know how to defend myself, when

"I am

" I am attacked: I am easily to be found;
" I take my walks every day alone." After this answer Don Juan pursued his way, while Alvarez retired, his heart bursting with rage. The next morning at day-break, he traversed the castle-gate of Don Juan undisguised; he walked about the house and neighbourhood for upwards of an hour and a half. On a sudden he perceived Don Juan, made up to him, and without saying one word, followed him till he came into a sequestered field, surrounded by a wood: there he drew his sword, exclaiming, " Don Juan, defend yourself!" At these words Don Juan drew in his turn, and put himself in defence. Don Alvarez rushed on him with impetuosity. The combat did not last long: whilst Don

Alvarez was blinded by his fury, his rival preserved all his coolness, and only stood on the defensive; but Don Alvarez, making a false thrust, received the sword of his adversary, and thus was severely wounded. His blood gushed in torrents, he fell on the grass, and immediately lost all recollection. Don Juan eagerly applied his handkerchief to the wound, and run to call some assistance. Two peasants came, and by orders of Don Juan removed Don Alvarez to his castle. Don Alvarez, on coming to himself, and seeing Don Juan at his bedside, exclaimed, " I wish for none of your assistance. . ." —" Be calm," said Don Juan ; " it is " true that I am your rival ; but Alphon- " sine has formally rejected my suit, and

" not-

" notwithstanding that I had obtained
" the approbation of her mother, she de-
" clared, in my presence, that she could
" not marry me without pain; upon which
" I retired, and I renounce my pretensions
" for ever. Behold! this was the result of
" my yesterday's visit, which I would
" not tell you when you so arrogantly at-
" tacked me. Now that you are so badly
" wounded, too great an anxiety of mind,
" with your natural disposition, might
" render your wound mortal, and hu-
" manity obliges me to declare the
" truth."

This discourse was a most salutary bal-
sam to Don Alvarez. Restored to life,
and extremely moved at the generosity of
his rival, he wished to express his grati-

tude:

tude. Don Juan stopped him: "Be "calm," said he, "and forget every "thing but the re-establishment of your "health; I have sent for a surgeon, and "after I have seen him examine, and "for the first time dress your wound, I "shall set out for Lisbon, where some "business calls me, and I will leave you "in the castle, where you will be well ta- "ken care of by my servants, and remain "absolute master until your perfect con- "valescence." The surgeon, who was sent for from a neighbouring village, came, and declared that it was a bad wound, but not dangerous. Don Juan, as he had said, set off on the second day. Don Alvarez, reanimated by love and hope, kept his bed only nine days, at the expiration of which he

he was permitted to get up, and two days after, although he was yet weak, and very much altered, a new occurrence induced him to quit his asylum somewhat sooner than his surgeon had prescribed.

CHAP. XLIV.

DON Alvarez was informed by his postillion that Diana had been attacked by the measles; and that, notwithstanding the tears and resistance of Alphonsine, she had resolved to live apart from her after the second day of her illness, under the frightful apprehensions that she would catch it. She had sent her to the curate, in whose house she lived at present; and as it was necessary to give her a waiting-woman, Diana had chosen the most simple

ple and the most ignorant, to the great astonishment of Diana's two other women, who were what is called among their class, girls above their station. But Diana always preferred, for subordinate employments, persons who had simply the merit of doing their duty. Marianne could neither write nor read; she loved to work; was pious and silent; and such was the girl who accompanied Alphonsine to the curate's house. Alphonsine could not consent to quit her mother, until she had been told, and with truth, that by the uneasiness which she would cause her, she would render that illness dangerous which otherwise would not be so: she then submitted to be placed under the care of the reverend curate. The first night which she passed at the presbytery was very sorrowful:

sorrowful: accustomed from her first infancy never to sleep but on the bosom of her mother, or in holding her hand, she found herself completely isolated; and notwithstanding all that they could say to her, she was extremely uneasy: she passed the whole night in tears, and in the morning she received a note from Diana, which somewhat calmed her mind; but she did not stir, except to go to church, where she staid the whole morning in prayer for her mother; and she employed the rest of the morning in writing to her. That evening, and the next day, notwithstanding the good news which she had received from her mother, she was so uneasy and so cast down, that the curate was afraid she was going to have the measles too. Under this impression, which he thought

thought it his duty to impart to her, he told her that he should conceal it from her mother, which he could very easily do, as Diana did not wish to see her for a fortnight: he therefore proposed to her to write a dozen small notes, which would serve for the six first days of her illness, and which he would send to Diana every day, morning and evening, as usual. "At the end of six days," continued the curate, "you will be able to "write, and we shall have saved a great "deal of uneasiness to Diana."—"Not-"withstanding my illness, I shall have "strength enough to write to her; does "she not write to me every day?"—"Perhaps your sickness may be worse."—"But this would be deceiving her."—"But it is for the sake of her health, per-

"haps

"haps of her life; it is a tenderness, "not a deceit." —Alphonsine suffered herself to be persuaded, and wrote the notes, which the curate artfully locked up. The following day Alphonsine, being entirely re-assured respecting the state of her mother, regained her health and bloom, but not her gaiety. She counted the days, and nothing could amuse her during an absence which seemed so long to her.

It was on the tenth day of Diana's illness that Don Alvarez, having resolved for upwards of three weeks to carrry off Alphonsine, determined now to execute a design which every thing seemed to favour. Through the precautions taken by Don Juan, the duel had remained a total

secret.

secret. Don Juan's people did not know the name of Don Alvarez; and when the latter recovered, he entreated Don Juan to call him by the name of Blisnann. Every person in the house thought that was his real name, and that he was a stranger, because he spoke nothing but English to his servant. The surgeon alone knew him; but he was very handsomely paid, and intreated to preserve secresy, which he promised and faithfully kept. Thus, neither in the castle of Diana, nor in the presbytery, was it known that Don Alvarez had quitted Madrid. The Countess, writing to Diana but seldom, had not given her the least hint of the rupture which had taken place; besides, fearing that Diana secretly wished the union of Alphonsine with Don Alva-

rez, she was no ways anxious to inform her of this event.

A singular incident completed the joys of Don Alvarez, by ensuring the success of the artifices which he proposed to employ. The apartment of Don Juan was on the ground-floor; thither Don Alvarez had been removed after the duel, in order to prevent the trouble of carrying him up stairs. The day when Don Alvarez left his bed, he wanted to write; and on looking for some pens in a desk, he there found a note, which he had the indiscreet curiosity to open. What were his emotions, on finding in it the signature of Diana! He read it with avidity; it was written to Don Juan; and having been sent under an envelope, had no direction.

Alvarez

Alvarez therefore took it out, and preserved it previously in his pocket-book. Don Juan having renounced every pretension to the hand of Alphonsine, had not set any value on this scroll, and forgot to burn it before he set out on his journey.

Every thing being in complete readiness for carrying off Alphonsine, Don Alvarez, before day-break, quitted Don Juan's castle, in order to go and post himself on horseback in the place where he was to wait for his accomplices. These persons were three desperadoes of Grenada, friends of Perez, whom the latter had enlisted on the occasion.

 They

They knew that Alphonsine went every morning to attend the curate's first morning service, where none attended but his old housekeeper, his maid servant, his valet, and two or three old gossips of the village. Don Alvarez's three champions placed themselves in ambush round the presbytery. The curate proceeded to church at half past five in the morning; and about twenty minutes after the innocent and pious Alphonsine came out of the curate's house, holding the arm of Marianne. On a sudden the three men rushed upon Alphonsine, and spite of her shrieks and Marianne's, carried her off into a post-chaise drawn by six swift horses, who immediately set off full gallop. No sooner was Alphonsine placed in the carriage, than she fainted away....

but

but the jolting, and the rapidity of the vehicle, soon restored her to the use of her senses. She tried to open the blinds, but they were locked. The unfortunate Alphonsine uttered piercing screams; 'Mamma! 'mamma!' cried she, 'whither are they 'dragging me?.... Why did you cause 'me to leave you? Oh, dear mamma! 'what will become of you, when you hear 'of this? Oh, God! take pity on me!' And while she spoke thus, a flood of tears bedewed her cheeks. She fell down on her knees, and the most fervent prayers somewhat calmed, if not her grief, at least the mortal apprehensions she had been seized with.

At the expiration of about an hour and

 a half,

a half, Alphonsine heard a great uproar round the carriage, and a voice exclaiming, "Hold! villains, hold!" — "Oh, "Heavens!" cried she, "you have sent "to my assistance!.... The chaise stopped; the noise increased: Alphonsine, trembling with terror and hopeful expectation, heard the clinking of swords. "Good God!" exclaimed she, "help "my protectors!" The idea that people were fighting chilled her blood: still kneeling, she reclined her head on the cushions of the carriage, placing both her hands on her ears, in order that she might not hear the cries and blows of the combatants. On a sudden the door was opened; Alphonsine on a sudden passed from an excess of terror to the most lively

trans-

transports of joy, on seeing Don Alvarez, sword in hand, who told her: "Alphon-
"sine, you are at liberty, and your ra-
"vishers are put to flight."—"Oh, my
"deliverer!" exclaimed she. The guilty Don Alvarez could not hear this pathetic and grateful expression, without feeling some remorse; but Alphonsine, free from suspicion, and filled with gratitude, was at length in his power, and this idea dispelled every other. "You shall rest
"yourself," said he, "in a house in this
"neighbourhood, where you shall give
"me your orders, which I will execute
"most punctually." On saying these words, he shut the door, and the carriage proceeded, Alphonsine thanking Heaven all the time. About a quarter of an hour

 after,

after, they arrived before the house: Alphonsine alighted; Don Alvarez tremblingly took her in his arms, and supporting her feeble steps, he conducted her into a room, where he was left tête-tête with her.

CHAP. XLV.

NOTWITHSTANDING her candour and ignorance, Alphonsine experienced a sort of terror on finding herself alone with a young man; but at sight of Don Alvarez's deadly paleness, she soon forgot this first impression. " Good God! said she, " are you not hurt?"—" Yes, I am; I " have been wounded." At these words Alphonsine burst into tears. —" Oh," said she, " how grateful my mother will " be for this?"—" Do not be alarmed; " this is a mere contusion, it will soon be " well: I only want rest."—" I entreat

" you will send me back to the curate
" immediately; for if you are to take
" some repose here, I should find it hard
" to quit you. But I ought not to delay
" returning to the place where my mo-
" ther had desired me to remain; be-
" sides, the good curate must be so ex-
" ceedingly uneasy!" — " The very in-
" stant I rescued you," replied Don Al-
varez, " I sent him a messenger to ac-
" quaint him with the whole affair."—
" How many miles are we from the cu-
" rate's?"—" Twelve."—" Oh! Hea-
" vens! am I at twelve miles distance
" from my mother?"—" But a man on
" horseback may go by a shorter road,
" and the person whom I have sent will
" be back here in an hour."—" But yet,
" Don Alvarez, I had rather set off im-

" mediately."—

" mediately."—" I'll go and give the ne-
" cessary orders." As he said these words, Don Alvarez pulled the bell; but a great noise was heard in the court-yard. Don Alvarez offered to go and see what was the matter; but Alphonsine detained him. " Do not go out," exclaimed she, " do not leave me!" That moment a servant, seemingly much alarmed, rushed in and said, that as the carriage stood with the horses before the house, the banditti had returned, and resumed possession of it. Don Alvarez seemed desirous of pursuing them: Alphonsine caught hold of him, and detained him, conjuring him, in Heaven's name, not to renew the fight..... " Think," added she with her usual ingenuousness, " that the car-
" riage is their own, and not yours?"—

 " But

" But I have here only one saddle horse;
" and being wounded, he is unable to
" proceed." —" Well, I will walk to the
" presbytery."—" Good Heavens! do
" you forget that the banditti, now in pos-
" session of the carriage, are watching
" on the road; that their numbers are
" perhaps increased, and that I shall be
" alone to defend you, with a servant
" who is extremely fatigued? However,
" if you desire it, we will depart; they
" shall not have you until they have de-
" prived me of life"—" No, no," ex-
" claimed Alphonsine; " I shudder at
" at the thought.... But, Heavens!
" what will become of me? what will the
" curate think?"—" We are but twenty
" miles from a town; I will send thither
" for horses, a carriage, and an escort;

" and

" and to-morrow we shall be able to re-
" turn."—" Oh, God! am I to pass a
" night here?"—" How! Alphonsine?
" what are you afraid of, while I am with
" you?"—" Oh, I am not afraid; I am
" safe enough; but I see no women;
" and . . . ." — " The gardener has a
" daughter, but she is not here at pre-
" sent, for I enquired after her when we
" came in; she will return this evening,
" and pass the night with you."—" Oh,
" then I shall be able to walk back during
" the night; the banditti will not be able
" to see me."—" Be assured, it would
" then be much easier for them to
" carry you off: and who could guide
" our steps? for the roads are dreadful,
" lined with precipices, and the woods
" filled with wolves." —" Ah, Hea-

" vens!

"vens! Go, Don Alvarez, and give or-
"ders for the escort, and send a second
"messenger to the curate, to acquaint
"him with our situation: perhaps he will
"come here himself, or send me Marianne:
"I'll write to him myself." — "While
"I will go and give my orders."—" Ah,
"Don Alvarez, do not leave me alone."
—" I shall only leave you for a single
"moment: be calm, I beg."—" How!
"how good and generous you are!"
Don Alvarez rang the bell, gave orders
in the presence of Alphonsine, recom-
mended expedition most particularly, and
caused every thing to be brought in which
was necessary to write a letter. Alphon-
sine sat down to a table, took a pen, and
with a trembling hand began her letter
to the curate; while Don Alvarez, be-

ing

ing extremely agitated, opened a window at the other extremity of the room, and sat down on the balcony to breathe the fresh air: he wanted to harden his feelings against so much innocence, good faith, and sincerity; he felt it necessary to repeat to himself that he had no wish to seduce the young beauty; that he only wished to make her acquainted with his love, obtain the confession of her own sentiments, and engage her in an indissoluble bond in the eyes of the world and of Diana. Being confident, that once the affair was over, Ines would unite her endeavours with his, in order to pacify the Countess, who could not be so hard-hearted as to inflict a death-blow to Diana, by refusing a consent which alone could preserve innocence and virtue from dis-

grace.

grace. Don Alvarez, besides, thought he had only one very slight favour to obtain, but which was of great importance, coming from Alphonsine, namely, that chaste embrace which maternal jealousy had prohibited even to friendship, since the birth of Alphonsine! Don Alvarez was acquainted only with that single peculiarity of Alphonsine's education; for, as we have said before, Ines and the Countess had never spoken to him about her. He could easily conceive that a young person under sixteen, who from a sentiment of gratitude had herself subjected to so dear and sacred a law of reserve, even with a friend of her own sex, would not easily be induced to depart from it for the first time in favour of a young man of twenty; but this difficulty offered

offered such inviting allurements; he had prepared so many artifices to surmount it, in short, he so well knew that Alphonsine, once granting this point, would be as it were entirely subdued, and leave her whole person in his power!—But he did not fix his thoughts on the consequences of this first triumph; on the contrary, in order to banish troublesome remorse, he sought to persuade himself that he wished for nothing more.

When Alphonsine had written her letter (in which, after relating her adventure, and extolling the heroic conduct of Don Alvarez, whom she called her deliverer and generous protector, she entreated the curate to come to her immediately, with Marianne, and not to forget

to bring with him what notes he should receive from her mother in the course of that day) she called Don Alvarez, and gave him her letter, which he immediately entrusted to a servant, with orders to send it by express. It was ten in the morning; and at this instant a person came in, with a supposed answer from the curate to the letter which Alvarez said he had written about three hours before. "Ah! let us see," exclaimed Alphonsine with a lively expression of joy.—"You know his hand-writing probably?" enquired Don Alvarez.—"No," replied she; "I know my mother's, and no "other."—This was what Don Alvarez had expected.—"For my part," said he, "I am well acquainted with it, and I see "the direction is written by him."—

"Oh,

"Oh, read, I pray." —Don Alvarez read the following contents:

"Sir,"

"Your note restores me to life. How
"will Donna Diana be able to repay all
"her obligations to you? Surely next
"to her beloved Alphonsine, you will be
"her dearest object of affection. We
"must leave her ignorant of this strange
"event, until such time as she will see
"her beloved daughter again, who her-
"self will give her all the particulars.
"The banditti who carried off Alphon-
"sine, in order to obtain a valuable ran-
"som from her mother, are certainly
"hovering about the roads; this is the
"reason why I dare not send Marianne
"to you. Do not attempt, my dear Sir,

"to

" to bring Alphonsine back without a
" good escort, which you most probably
" will not be able to procure in less than
" two or three days; mean time I beg
" you will not quit her for a moment:
" she cannot be in more respectable
" hands, and I only ask of you what
" her mother would beg on her knees, if
" she but knew her situation. Donna
" Diana's recovery proceeds apace; and
" in order that her daughter may be cer-
" tain that within these last three days her
" eyes have got quite well, instead of
" the usual note, she has sent her, on a
" large sheet of vellum paper, a nosegay
" of roses, which she has painted, to-
" gether with eight lines, which she has
" written at bottom; a piece of work-
" manship of too much value for me to

" entrust

" entrust it to the bearer, who is but a
" child. My housekeeper, who saw
" Donna Diana this morning, told me
" that she hardly looks as if she had been
" ill, and that her spirits are excellent.
" Donna Diana gave her two beautiful
" pine-apples for Alphonsine, which I
" send you likewise. As for my part, I
" would willingly brave all perils, to go
" and congratulate my dear Alphonsine
" on her deliverance, if my duty did not
" detain me here, near a patient whom
" I am to administer the sacrament to
" this evening. It is better, besides, that
" I should be in the way of receiving
" Donna Diana's messages."

" Accept, Sir, all my best thanks,

" together

"together with the assurance of all the
"sentiments of regard," &c. &c.

"Signed,

"GARCIAS ILDEFONSO DE COLMAS,
Curate of . . . . ."

During the time Alvarez read this letter, the credulous Alphonsine raised her eyes up to Heaven, returned thanks, and wept for joy. She read the letter two or three times over again, and found all her apprehensions much relieved. The venerable pastor, who possessed Diana's whole confidence, exhorted her to remain two or three days, if necessary, and assured her that she could not be in more respectable hands, which assurance she

was

was already so well disposed to believe! —Don Alvarez, so generous, so amiable, could not fail to be virtuous . . . And yet Alphonsine laboured under a sort of unaccountable uneasiness while she listened to him (for she dared not look up): she suffered much, particularly since, her apprehensions being calmed, she no longer felt that pressing desire of returning to the curate's. An idea which had till then offered itself, but under a confused shape, came into her mind more distinctly now: "He was on his way "back from Madrid," said she, "where "without doubt he had received the "hand of Ines .... but he had not "spoken a single word about her!"—In the mean time some fruit and chocolate was served, together with two beautiful pine-

pine-apples, which she received with gratitude, thinking that Diana had touched them, and that they were sent by her. During breakfast Alphonsine appeared melancholy and distressed; she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, and Don Alvarez could not obtain a single look from her. The things being removed, Don Alvarez drew his chair near Alphonsine, and placed himself opposite to her, but so very close, that she was forced to move away a little. Don Alvarez for some minutes gazed on that charming face, on which embarrassment, uneasiness and modesty were alternately depicted; he felt himself deeply moved!— After some silence, "Alphonsine," said he, "how "happens it that you have not yet asked "me a single question respecting my mo-

"ther?

" ther, Ines, and my quick return?"—
At these words, the deepest crimson flushed the cheeks of Alphonsine; and through the double folds of muslin which covered her bosom, its heaving and precipitate motion was clearly perceivable!—
" Ah! Don Alvarez," replied she in a trembling voice, " do not think that it
" proceeds from indifference."—" Well,
" then, ask me some questions."—" It
" is for you to tell me."—" What?"—
" That you are happy... that..."—" Yes,
" I shall be happy!... but I am not
" happy yet."—" How! is not the mar-
" riage over?"—" It never will take
" place."—" Good God!"—Alphonsine joined her hands when she uttered this exclamation, and her eyes were filled with tears... Don Alvarez could not re-

 press

press his own; he fell at the feet of Alphonsine . . . She rose, and started back, saying, "What would you with me, Don "Alvarez?"—"I demand your faith, "your hand."—"My mother alone can "dispose of it."—"I have her consent." —"What do you mean?"—"Do you "doubt the sincerity of Don Alvarez?"— "Heavens! how can you suspect it?"— "No, no; she who never disguised the "truth cannot harbour unjust suspici-"ons."—"My mother consents, nay, she "wishes our union."—"But Ines..."— "Ines loves Dameli."—"She loves ano-"ther, after having loved you!"—"She "loved me as a brother only."—"Is it "possible to love otherwise?"—"Yes, "my dear Alphonsine: a husband has a "right to expect another sentiment, one

"a thousand

" thousand times more passionate and
" more tender."—" But perhaps I love
" you as a sister only."—" Love me as
" you will, I shall think myself most
" happy. Sit down, my Alphonsine,
" and condescend to hear me.—I have
" loved you ever since the first moment
" saw you. I confessed it to Ines, who
" also confided to me her sentiments for
" Dazeli." — " You should have ac-
' quainted the Countess immediately."—
" I wished, in the first instance, to obtain
" Donna Diana's approbation, which I
" knew she would not grant until you
" were fifteen."—" But I was fifteen
" when you set off for Madrid."—" We
" therefore spoke to my mother, who ap-
" proved of our wishes, but only demanded
' secrecy, in order that she might apprize

 the

" the family of Ines of this change. We
" set off. Every thing was accordingly
" settled; and my mother desired me to
" proceed into this province, and apply for
" Donna Diana's consent. On my arrival
" at the castle I found Donna Diana had
" been attacked with that illness for some
" days, but was already so far recovered that
" I felt induced to write to her immediately,
" to beg for her approbation of my suit."—
" Well?"—" Well! here is her answer."—
" What! my mother answered you?"—
" The same day." —" With her own
" hand?"—" I suppose so. See, your-
" self; here is the letter." — In saying
these words, Don Alvarez took out of his
pocket-book the letter from Donna Diana,
which he had found in Don Juan's drawer, and presented it to Alphonsine, who,
transported

transported with joy, exclaimed, "Oh, "yes! this is her own hand-writing." She took the letter with avidity, and read the following words:

"SIR,

"Your sentiments both honour and "please me: may my daughter share "them! I wish it, and yet I rather "choose she should be ignorant of my "wishes: my approbation might seem "as an order to her, and I am anxious "that on this occasion she should follow "no other guide but her own inclina-"tion."

Alphonsine kissed the letter, and bathed it with her tears. "Beloved mother," exclaimed she, "she did just the same

" when Don Juan requested my hand;
" she commanded me to speak freely in
" her presence." — " Well, Alphonsine,
" my fate is in your hands." — " Don
" Alvarez, you should not have shewn
" me this letter..."—" How!"—" My
" mother confides her own sentiments to
" you, and says at the same time that she
" does not wish me to know them."—
" But could I suffer you to labour for a
" whole day, and perhaps longer, under
" the embarrassment of being alone with
" a young man of my age, whose sacred
" rights over you you were unacquainted
" with?"—" Indeed, it is true that I am
" more easy about it now."—" Ah, you
" ought to be perfectly easy, if you do
" not reject my addresses, for in such a
" case you are with a husband."—" Hear

" me, Don Alvarez; I must conceal my
" sentiments from you until such time as
" I can own them in the presence of my
" mother: so you must not interrogate
" me."—" What! when you know that
" Donna Diana *wishes* you to share my
" love?"—" Your *love?*"—" Yes, my
" *love*; love is the name of that senti-
" ment which I entertain for you."—" I
" only know of maternal and filial *love*."—
" *Love*, without qualification, expresses
" the sentiment which you inspire me
" with, a sentiment which is never ex-
" perienced but once, and which I shall
" never feel for any person but for you."
—" My mother will perhaps be angry
" that you should have told me this."—
" This is a ridiculous apprehension: read
" this sentence again, *May my daughter*

 " *share*

" *share your sentiments!*"—" But a sen-
" timent may be shared which we don't
" know the name of."—At this ingenu-
ous answer Don Alvarez, endeavouring
to conceal his emotion and his joy, pre-
served silence; resuming, after some
time, " Speak then, Alphonsine," said
he, " and if you love me make me the
" happiest of men; say that you will not
" oppose my happiness."—" You may
" be sure I shall not, since my mother
" wishes it."—" I will not be indebted
" to obedience for the gift of your hand,
" and will renounce all my pretensions
" if you do not love me."—" Wait then
" till we come into my mother's presence,
" at which time, Don Alvarez, I shall
" be happy to answer all your questions
" respecting my sentiments, and till then
" shall

"shall not utter a single word which "could lead you to suspect them; and "therefore must beg that you will not "mention yours any more." She pronounced these words in so firm a tone, that, notwithstanding the kind and tender impression of her countenance, Don Alvarez did not venture to insist any further at that time. "I submit," said he; "yet, "did you but know how much you dis- "tress me!..."—"Consider," said Alphonsine, "that in a few days you will "be made acquainted with every thing." —"But that may fix my fate!"—"Why "then are you so uneasy?"—"It is a "most natural fear."—"Oh, not at "all... Don Alvarez, I conjure you, "speak of something else." Don Alvarez sighed, and made no reply. Alphon-

 sine,

sine, in order to change the conversation, enquired how he had discovered that the banditti had carried her off? He told her, that from the time of his arrival, knowing that she was at the curate's, he went every morning on horseback as far as the foot of the mountain, only to get a sight of the house which she inhabited; that on that very day he arrived about a quarter of an hour after she had been carried off, and being informed by the peasantry, he had immediately followed the track of the banditti. Just as he had finished his story, dinner was announced. After dinner, Alphonsine wished to pass a couple of hours alone, in the chamber which was allotted to her. By the side of that chamber there was a small closet, which Don Alvarez had reserved to him-

self,

self, not with the intention of entering her chamber, but to watch her, that he might not lose sight of her. After having given some directions to her servants, he concealed himself in the small closet, where he could see Alphonsine without being himself perceived. He beheld her on her knees, praying with all the piety of an angel. In about a quarter of an hour, having finished those prayers which she was in the daily habit of saying in a low voice, Alphonsine clasped her hands together, and lifted up her head to Heaven with the most sublime expression; her long hair flowing in loose ringlets on her shoulders, and her cheeks covered with a crimson flush: then fixing her beautiful eyes, filled with tears, on Heaven, "O my "God!" said she, "we love each other

" so much, that notwithstanding his vir-
" tue and my good intentions, I fear we
" shall be remiss in our duty! Guide
" us, O Heaven, and inspire us! I feel
" that he ought not to press me to declare
" that to him which it is not permitted to
" me to say but in the presence of my
" mother; and yet it is hard to be silent!
" My God, remove this temptation from
" me, or endow me with strength to re-
" sist it; that Diana again may find her
" Alphonsine worthy all her tenderness!
" He is not yet my husband, and the
" holy bonds of marriage can alone au-
" thorize that love which we entertain
" for each other: till then we ought to
" moderate its impulse, and not speak of
" it. O my God! I love him too much,
" I feel it: Assist me, O heavenly Fa-

" ther!

" ther! do not permit me to lose for a
" moment that bashfulness, reserve, and
" modesty, which the daughter of Diana
" ought to possess!"

Don Alvarez did not lose a single word of this affecting prayer: it impressed him with so strong a remorse, that he could not listen any more. Overwhelmed with tears, and considering his conduct as unworthy the happiness of being loved, and enjoying it, distracted by a thousand opposite sentiments, he flew from the cabinet, and locked himself in his own chamber. Then throwing himself into an arm-chair, " Ah!" exclaimed he, " what
" have I done! What must be the purity
" of this angelic being, when I now ap-
" pear to myself as a monster, for wishing

" to

" to obtain from her . . . what? . . . a sim-
" ple acknowledgement of sentiment,
" which I renew, and a single fraternal
" embrace! These were all my wishes!
" This was the single object of all I have
" done; and never did the worst of vil-
" lains feel such bitter remorse! Ah,
" can I enjoy the sentiments which she
" entertains for me? She thinks my
" heart as pure and as virtuous as her
" own all my felicity is but founded on
" her mistake, and on my artifices! . . .
" Alas! I should have endeavoured to de-
" serve her, and not become a villain and
" a deceiver.—Were I to listen to the
" impulse of this moment, I should go
" and cast myself at her feet, confess the
" whole to her, and reconduct her im-
" mediately to the presbytery. . . . She

" would

" would pardon me; but she would
" love me no more. No, no; I must
" endeavour to engage her by a so-
" lemn promise: it is necessary that she
" should believe that honour itself dic-
" tates that she is obliged to marry me.
" It is possible that she may remain for
" ever ignorant of my stratagem: even
" the curate and Diana may see the ne-
" cessity of concealing it from her, if they
" wish that she should give me her
" hand; and therefore should not they
" wish it after her deliverance, and her
" acknowledged sentiments for me? . . .
" In two days I will send a messenger to
" Ines, to inform her of every thing; my
" mother will consent, all will be ar-
" ranged, and Alphonsine will be my
" wife. Until then love will develop it-

" self

" self in her ingenuous heart. Oh, if
" her passion but equalled mine, what
" should I have to fear? Should I not be
" sure of triumphing over every impedi-
" ment, and of mastering every event?"

But thus it was, that notwithstanding all his remorse Don Alvarez finished by forming a project which was to render him still more guilty. Repentance, which is only inspired by an excess of passion, never produces any thing but inconsistencies and new follies.

Don Alvarez knocked softly at the door of Alphonsine, from which she answered him without opening, that she would quit her chamber no more. Her door had not any bolts; and Don Alvarez, putting a

master-key into the lock, entered her chamber. Alphonsine seemed angry; Don Al-
" varez," said she, " until the time that
" you shall conduct me to the presbytery,
" I must remain in this retreat, and alone
" in my chamber."—" And I," said Don
Alvarez, " I will obey the orders of your
" pastor, who commanded me not to
" quit you for one moment. I will stay
" with you till night, when the garden-
" er's daughter will return; she will lock
" herself in with you, and I shall be easy.
" I cannot support the idea that you
" are alone in this lonely house, and in
" this chamber which has no bell: in
" short, I am answerable for you, you
" are under my care." — " It is true;
" but . . . ." —" I must again repeat to
" you, those are the curate's orders. Let
" us

" us be guided by our venerable pastor;
" and let us not have the presumption
" at our age to fashion our conduct ac-
" cording to our ideas."—" Oh! this is
" spoken with wisdom; this language is
" worthy of you: but surely our pastor
" will not blame me for staying here
" in silence?" —" Consider that your
" door is badly locked, that a stranger...
" a man may suddenly enter into your
" chamber."—" Oh, God! you are in
" the right; let us go into the parlour.
" But I shall be frightened in the night,
" notwithstanding the gardener's daugh-
" ter."—" I will watch with two servants;
" we will pass the whole night as centinels
" at your door."—" Oh! how shall I
" be able to express my gratitude?"—
" Do not thank me for it!" At these
words

words Don Alvarez, grasping the hand of Alphonsine, led her into the parlour. At that moment they brought candles, as the day was far on the decline; and Don Alvarez seated himself on a sofa, by the side of Alphonsine. He did not speak of his love, but only of Diana, and that with enthusiasm. "Oh! "Don Alvarez," exclaimed she, "how "sweet it is to me to hear you speak "thus of my mother!"—"And if you "do not impede my prospects, shall I "not be her son? . . . . Is it possible that "I should not cherish her who has "chosen me for your husband? her "who has given you life, and whose "charming resemblance and affecting "sound of voice you possess? You have "prohibited me from speaking to you of "my

" my love; do not prevent me from
" expressing to you my tenderness
" for Diana!"—" Oh, no, no!"—
" How handsome is Diana! Her fine
" large blue eyes, her looks so pure and
" celestial! I never heard her speak but
" with emotion and trembling. I still
" never confounded her voice with yours,
" but she resembles you so much! . . . .
" and that majestic gait, which you
" possessed at the age of fifteen, when
" I looked on Diana, it seemed to
" say me, ' Behold Alphonsine at some
" future period!' Oh, how dear is Di-
" ana to me!"—" Oh, Don Alvarez,
" above all, you ought to speak to me
" of her tenderness for me; but, who can
" paint it?"—" Existing only for you,
" seeing but you solely in the universe, for-
" getting

" getting or disdaining every thing else, ha-
" ving not a single project, a single thought,
" that you were not the object of! . . . ."
— "Ah! such is my good mother!"—
" I was no longer speaking of her." At
these words Alphonsine was much moved:
raising her eyes with timidity, they met
those of Don Alvarez; she blushed, and
turned aside. " To look at you with de-
" light," continued he, and yet to feel
" inexpressible pain; not to be able even
" to pronounce your name without ex-
" periencing a painful and delicious sensa-
" tion!"—" Don Alvarez," said Alphon-
" sine in a low and tremulous voice,
" you forget my entreaty."—" What
" then?"—" You are speaking to me of
" love."—" Ah! if you know it, you
" surely must have felt its sensations! . . .
" Answer,

"Answer, Alphonsine.... you are si-
"lent..... Just Heaven! perhaps I am
"not the object."—"Who else could
"I love?"

Don Alvarez was sufficiently satisfied with this simple and ingenuous avowal; he wished to obtain a positive and voluntary confession: he wished Alphonsine formally to sacrifice to him that duty which she had imposed on herself. He had never yet seen her so much moved, and so much troubled: he retained his transports, and dissembled his hopes; and proposing to her a walk, he led her into the gardens, which were spacious and handsome. Alphonsine trembled; this seducing language, so new to her, made a great impression on her heart; she se-

cretly

cretly said to herself, Don Alvarez, who had been her deliverer, should be her husband; no other idea obtruded itself with this her lively agitation. Don Alvarez conducted her into a grove of rose and citron trees; their delicious fragrance soon brought to her recollection her mother, and the charming isle where she had tasted so many pure pleasures. These new sensations wholly changed her ideas; and the most affecting recollections calmed her agitated spirits. " Oh! how delightful is the " fragrance of this air!" said Alvarez." —" Yes," answered Alphonsine, " let " us stop here; this is so enchanting a " spot!"—" Do you hear the soft mur- " murings of the fountain and the rivu- " let? Alphonsine..... Were it but " possible for me to describe what I feel!

" If

" If you did but partake of this delightful " impression!" — " I do participate in " it," interrupted she ; " and like you, " Don Alvarez, I cannot express its " charms." At these words Don Alvarez was transported ; but he was far from penetrating into their true meaning. He fell down on his knees before Alphonsine. " Rise," said she."—" No, no, " let me remain in this attitude ; love " prefers it to any other...."—" I thought " this. Don Alvarez, if you speak to " me any more of love, I will go and lock " myself in my chamber, and not quit it " until I depart. When you have made " a promise, why should you thus break " it? You astonish me, and make me " angry: rise, I say...." These words, pronounced in a most calm and resolute

tone,

tone, confounded Don Alvarez." Surprised and disappointed, he seated himself on the grass, and remained silent, whilst Alphonsine alone kept up the conversation. She spoke of nothing but the joy which she should feel on seeing the Curate, and asking him about Diana, and on receiving the charming picture of flowers which she had sent her. Don Alvarez answered only with monosyllables. About an hour after, he proposed to take another turn in the garden, to which she consented.

The night was dark and cloudy. "This "night," said Alphonsine, "seems form-"ed for something mysterious." . . . . At this reflection, expressed with an accent of deep sensibility, Don Alvarez

seemed petrified. "What do you mean?" said he. — "Yes; I am sure many "will be made happy during this dark "night, which is a most delightful "thought!"—"For God's sake, Al-"phonsine, what do you mean?" — "When the Countess, in your infancy, "conducted you into the cottages of the "poor, did not she lead you there se-"cretly by night?" At these words Don Alvarez smiled; but still his eyes were filled with tears. He wished to prostrate himself before this angelic creature, whose sensibility it was equally impossible for him to anticipate as to seduce. He answered her in such a manner so as to confirm her in the idea that he had passed the finest nights in summer in distributing charity. He then spoke of Christian be-

nevolence;

nenevolence; and in truth his language was affecting, as he possessed naturally a noble and sensible soul. This conversation charmed Alphonsine: "How I "love to hear you talk!" said she; "how "much our hearts resemble each other!" —"No, no, dear Alphonsine; nothing "can resemble yours: I have neither "your reason nor your virtue."—"I "shall always prize your modesty, Don "Alvarez; but never tell me that you "possess less sensibility than myself." At these words Don Alvarez, moved to the the soul, pressed with transports her arm, which she rested on his own. At that moment they arrived on the bank of a small river; Alphonsine seemed delighted on perceiving some boats. Don Alvarez, hoping every thing from the disposition

sition she seemed to evince for going on the water, led her into a charming boat covered with branches of odoriferous flowers, in which they were separated from the boatman by a muslin awning. Scarcely had Alphonsine set her foot in the boat, when she recollected the solemn promise she had made her mother, always to sit by herself in a boat, if she happened to be in one without her, in order that she might think of nothing but her goodness and her tenderness. Alvarez, on entering into the boat, supported Alphonsine, who seemed particularly pleased with its neatness. She thanked Alvarez for these his kind attentions. "Oh! how happy am I!" said he. His expression, his broken voice, alarmed Alphonsine; she was still standing supported

by

by Don Alvarez. At that moment clarinets and French horns, placed in another boat in their rear, began to play the most voluptuous tunes; but Alphonsine had only a kind of sublime idea of music; all tender and affecting harmony, far from debasing, only rendered her soul more elevated. She tore herself from the arms of Don Alvarez, and seating herself at the extremity of the boat, turned her back upon him. "What are you doing?" said he.—"I conjure you," replied she, "not "not to trouble or interrupt me."— "What do you mean?"—"I earnestly "entreat you not to speak to me all the "time that we shall remain on the wa- "ter."—"What means this strange ca- "price?"—"Oh, this is not a caprice; "it is a promise, a vow."—"Yes, a pro-

 "mise

" mise which I made to my mother."—
" What a folly!"—" For God's sake, be
" silent. I assure you I shall not hear any
" thing but the music, and will not speak
" a single word during our promenade."
Don Alvarez, nettled, sat down, and concealing his ill-humour, observed a profound silence. During this interval Alphonsine calmly, with her back turned on Don Alvarez, listened with ecstasy to the music, and in fact all her thoughts were fixed on God and on her mother. Don Alvarez gave orders to the boatman to shorten their promenade, and in about half an hour they landed; Don Alvarez promising himself never to make a second excursion of this kind. The clouds now were dipelled, whilst the moon and the stars cast a most resplendent

dent and soft light on the gardens. Don Alvarez, on quitting the boat, was more than ever struck with the ravishing beauty of Alphonsine, with the calm spread over her whole person, and with the celestial expression of her countenance. She took hold of his arm without looking at him, and then fixing her eyes towards Heaven, she made no answer to any thing which he said, except with the utmost confusion and brevity. Don Alvarez then proposed to go into the house; and while they were serving supper, he took up a guitar, and having a good voice, began singing a romantic air, which he had composed for Alphonsine; but in the midst of the first stanza, she interrupted him: "How!" "exclaimed she, "you are singing "about love! this is impious, it is pro-

" faning music, which was only invented
" to celebrate the Deity." Don Alvarez
threw his guitar away with anger, ex-
claiming, " Every thing turns against
" me."

They then sat down to table; and a
message was brought, in the presence of
Alphonsine, that the escort could not be
had till the day after the next. Alphon-
sine was very much grieved; and after
supper wanted to retire to her chamber.
In vain did Don Alvarez entreat a few
minutes conversation: " And why do
" you wish to leave me, Alphonsine?"
said he: " the whole day has elapsed
" without your giving me a single proof
" of your friendship."—" Can you think
" me ungrateful, Alphonsine? . . ."—
" I suffer:

" I suffer: I am really very ill this even-
" ning."—" Oh, Heavens! in truth you
" look altered: the combat . . . . your
" wound: you told me that it was but
" slight."—" I have a fever."—" Oh,
" how uneasy you make me!"—" Hap-
" piness would cure me . . . . if you
" would . . . ."—" Speak, Don Alvarez;
" what can I do?"—" To allow me
" that which is never refused to a friend."
—" Well!"—" To suffer me to press
" you to my bosom." . . . . This request
seemed so extraordinary and so daring
to Alphonsine, that she could find no
terms to express her surprise, and remain-
ed quite mute. Don Alvarez conceiving
some hopes from her silence, " Yes,"
" continued he, " I do entreat you to
" permit me to rest my cheek for a mo-

 " ment

" ment on yours."—" If you were not
" so ill, Don Alvarez, I would quit
" you without giving you an answer. I
" know very well that a young girl would
" offend modesty, were she to allow such
" a mark of friendship to a man. Besides,
" you are not ignorant that I never em-
" braced any person, and that I have re-
" fused it you as well as Ines. . . . Never
" a mother did so much for her daughter
" as mine has done for me ; and it is but
" justice that I should reserve for her a
" particular proof of my tenderness."—
" So I suppose you never will embrace
" your husband ?"—" I am ignorant of
" the rights which the marriage vow
" gives, and of the duties of a wife ; my
" mother will instruct me, and I shall ful-
" fil them."—" Do you refuse so slight

" a testimony of your affection to him
" whom your mother has chosen for your
" husband?"—"You owe that choice to
" her esteem; and you will no longer merit
" that preference, if you press me any
" more to do such an action." At these
words, pronounced with all the indifference and contempt of indignation, Alphonsine withdrew, without waiting for his answer, and locked herself up in her chamber.

Don Alvarez, crushed, humiliated, and despairing, remained for a few moments fixed to the spot; after which, sinking down on the sofa, " Behold," said he,
" this is the fruit of all my schemes, de-
" ceits, and stratagems! this is all the
" advantage I have reaped from a plan of

" seduction which I had so long medita-
" ted! her indignation and anger! . . .
" How! at the age of fifteen only, in
" love with so much ignorance and cre-
" dulity, she resists all my attempts, and
" confounds all my plans! She is in my
" power; she believes and loves me, and
" has nothing to defend herself but her
" innocence and religious morals! The
" simple rectitude of her opinions, always
" consistent, always founded upon un-
" shaken principles, renders all my arti-
" fices abortive! What will sophistry
" avail against her who acts from persua-
" sion and sentiment, and who sacredly
" observes those duties which have been
" prescribed to her? No language which
" is contrary to that religious faith, can
" shake her resolves; but it only tends
" to

" to astonish her, and promote her indig-
" nation . . . But by what magic happens
" it, that this incomprehensible creature,
" so well organized, so sensible to the
" beauties of nature, with which she has
" so recently been made acquainted, and
" to the charms of music, does not expe-
" rience a single sensation by which love
" might profit ? . . . What have I obtained
" from the first burst of her gratitude ?
" Far from gaining any ground in the
" course of that first day, I have lost
" some in her heart . . . What can I hope
" for to-morrow ? She rules over me, she
" awes and intimidates me ! and I have
" nothing left, save most painful remorse,
" despondence, and distracting uneasi-
" ness! . . ." – In saying these words, Don
Alvarez could not refrain from shedding

tears . . .

tears . . . Ashamed of his weakness, he attempted to rise, in order to go and breathe the air in the garden ; but his trembling legs could not support him, he felt a burning fever. He was forced to ring the bell, and lean upon a servant to go into his chamber. He went to bed : scarcely had he lain down, when the gardener's girl came and enquired, from Alphonsine, how he was? Don Alvarez, much moved, did not wish to disturb the rest of his kind Alphonsine, by giving her unnecessary uneasiness ; he therefore sent her word that a little walk in the garden had dispelled his head-ache, that he was free from fever, and felt himself much better.

Don Alvarez, certain that his indisposition

tion would last for several days, resolved to lay down on a sofa the next day, in hopes that from compassion he should be able to obtain that favour which had been denied to love. But Alphonsine well knew that a blameable action is not the more allowable, although its effect might be good. She was very ignorant (according to the notions of certain refined minds); for she knew only as much as it is necessary to know, in order to conduct herself with decorum and propriety; but that science for which no prize has been proclaimed, that science apparently of much less importance than any other, she possessed the more complete, as her memory, her mind, her heart, were incessantly engaged in following its precepts.

Whilst

Whilst Don Alvarez, tormented, distracted by his unruly passion, was abandoning himself to the most frantic transports, the innocent and peaceable Alphonsine began, according to her invariable custom, to take an account of the occurrences of the day. This enquiry into her own conscience lasted longer than ever it had done in the course of her life before. So many events, accompanied by such new feelings, demanded a particular examination; and now she began to recollect all that Don Alvarez had done for her, all that he had said. Her memory proved very faithful on all this; but she had forgot her answers to him, and persuaded herself that she had said nothing to him but what was perfectly conformable to the sincere intention of

hiding

hiding her sentiments until such time as she could acknowledge them in the presence of Diana. These thoughts and her prayers kept her awake until two o'clock in the morning: the young gardener's daughter had been a long time asleep on a small bed placed in the middle of the room: every thing in the house had for more than three hours been perfectly still; and Alphonsine, overpowered by sleep, was at length going to lie down, when she heard some noise in the passage. She was alarmed, and called the young girl, but her soft and timid voice did not awake her out of her sound sleep . . . Meanwhile she heard the hasty steps of several persons . . . terrified, she fell back into an arm-chair . . . The next chapter will tell us whether her apprehensions were well-grounded.

CHAP. XLV.

THE door was burst open . . . and what were Alphonsine's feelings on perceiving her mother enter, followed by the venerable Curate ! . . . She sprang into the arms of Diana : joy deprived her of speech, and her sobs stopped all utterance! Diana pressed her to her bosom with transports ; she knew her well enough to be certain she found her again pure and spotless ! . . . Besides, the very manner in which Alphonsine received her was sufficient to dispel every suspicion or fear which she might have before entertained. With a

young and religiously-educated person, a first fault cannot fail to affect her feelings of filial tenderness . . . "Let us go, my "daughter," said Diana, "let us lose "no time."—"Ah, dear mamma!" exclaimed Alphonsine, "let us send to in-"form Don Alvarez; he will be so hap-"py to see you; I owe him so much!" —"Ah, my Alphonsine," replied Diana, "Alvarez has deceived you!"— "He, Don Alvarez! — He alone has "contrived to carry you off." — "No, "no, dear mamma: some banditti car-"ried me off; he rescued me from their "hands: I wrote word of all this affair "to the Curate."—"To me?" returned the Curate; "I have received no mes-"sage."—"But you answered me."— "No, never."—"Here is your letter."— "That

"That is a forgery, it is not my hand-
"writing."—"Good God! Ah, mamma,
"how little did he deserve the letter
"which you sent him!"—"What let-
"ter?" — "This letter," said Alphon-
"sine, taking it out of her bosom."—
"Yes indeed, the letter is from me, but
"I cannot imagine how it came in his
"possession: it is the same I wrote to
"Don Juan." At these words Alphon-
sine turned pale, and fell back into her
chair without uttering a single word; she
knew no language, no expression which
could convey her surprise, her indigna-
tion, and her grief. Diana took her up
in her arms, and bestowed the fondest ca-
resses on her; but Alphonsine threw her-
self at her feet, exclaiming, "O mam-
"ma! how guilty am I! for I loved
"him."

" him." — " No, my child, you have
" nothing to reproach yourself with;
" you thought him sincere and virtu-
" ous." — " Let us go, mamma," said
Alphonsine, " let us leave this hateful
" place!" And as she said these words,
she rose, Diana supporting her, or rather
carrying her in her arms: they went out
precipitately, crossed part of the garden,
and opened a small door; then entered the
wood, where they found a carriage wait-
ing, and getting into it, together with
the Curate, set off full-speed. Alphon-
sine, drowned in tears, was leaning on
Diana's shoulder, but on being repeatedly
told by her mother and the Curate, that
her conduct was blameless, she gradually
became more composed; and soon after
sleep closing her heavy eye-lids, she
gently

gently sunk on that maternal bosom, in which she seemed to have deposited her grief and all her resentments.

What indignation can be compared to to that of a mother, whose daughter has been carried off, and exposed to the dangers of seduction? Diana, who had been so indulgent once to the furious and criminal attempts of Don Sancho, was implacable towards Alphonsine's ravisher; she thought of him only with horror; he was the most criminal and basest of men, and she hated him with all the excess of insulted maternal love.

On reaching the castle, the mother and the daughter retired to bed. Alphonsine, overcome with fatigue, wept with joyful

joyful emotions on finding herself again in her little bed by the side of her mother. "Ah, mamma!" exclaimed she, "never banish me your presence again! "Under your watchful eye your Al-"phonsine will always be safe and most "happy."

Alphonsine slept quietly for upwards of seven hours; and as soon as she arose, Diana had a long conversation with her. "'Tis our good Nugna," said she, who "has discovered every thing. You "know that her brother Lorenzo is to be "married soon; the young woman who "is to be his bride, happens to be the "eldest daughter of that gardener in the "house where you have been conduct-"ed."—"Ah, most probably she is the

"sister

" sister of that young girl who slept in
" my room....."—" Lorenzo learnt from
" his sweetheart that the house had just
" been sold to a young English gentle-
" man named Blinann, and who proba-
" bly will turn out to be Don Alvarez!..."
—" Oh, the wretch! what falsehood has
" he contrived!..."—" Vice cannot go
" without falsehood and deceit, and im-
" posture necessarily must accompany
" every wicked intent.... Yesterday
" evening Lorenzo was to go and visit
" his sweetheart; but at two in the after-
" noon she came to Nugna's cottage, and
" told her in confidence, that the garden-
" er had been turned out of his apartment,
" and for a few days desired to lodge in
" a small green-house, at the extremity
" of the garden, with orders not to ap-

" pear,

" pear, because there was a young lady
" then in the house who wished to re-
" main unknown."— " Oh, dear! what
" falsehood!" — " About an hour after
" this, Nugna heard of your being car-
" ried off, and immediately began to
" suspect the truth; she went after the
" Curate, to impart her suspicions to him,
" but he had already come to me and
" apprised me of the dreadful circum-
" stance. On her coming to the castle, she
" did not find us; we were out! . . .
" Judge, my Alphonsine, what I must
" have suffered during the whole of that
" horrible day!" — " Oh! Heavens!
" while I was almost tranquil, you wept!"
—" I should have died, I think, had I
" not kept myself in constant exercise.
" While Nugna was in vain seeking me

 " every

" every where, I had already gone to Don
" Juan's castle (for I suspected every per-
" son), and squandered money in hand-
" fulls among his servants, to induce
" them to answer my interrogatories:
" from them I had learnt that Don Juan
" had fought a duel with a young man,
" whom he had afterwards brought into
" his house and taken care of during ten
" days; but the servants persisted in an-
" swering, that they had forgot that
" young man's name." — " But how
" could Don Juan, who is an honest man,
" have fought a duel?" — " I'll explain
" to you this some other time. They
" told us however the name of the sur-
" geon who had taken care of the wound-
" ed young man. I flew to the tow
" where he resides: he was not at home.
" I waited

" I waited for him a long time, and at
" length he came : I began my enquiries
" about the young man's name, telling
" him of my wretched situation at the
" same time; he then pulled out a
" drawer, out of which he took five and
" twenty pieces of gold, which he gave
" to the Curate, who was with me, say-
" ing, ' I received this sum over and
" above my usual fee, to bribe me to si-
" lence. Here it is ; pray return it to
" Don Alvarez, for he is the person
" whom I have attended.' ... I then en-
" tertained no doubt but Don Alvarez
" was the ravisher, and shuddered at the
" thought of his having perhaps taken
" you to Madrid ! ... The carriage you
" were in must surely have traversed the
" heath and cross-roads that are gene-

"rally unfrequented at an early hour. I
"was decided to set out for Madrid, and
"came home, almost desperate, to order
"my horses; it was midnight, and for
"the second time I fainted away as I was
"going up the stairs." — "Oh, the
"wretch! the wretch! to cause you so
"much sorrow!..."—"They took me to
"bed; during which interval the Curate
"was listening to good Nugna's re-
"port: he ran in, transported with joy.
"Madam," said he, "be happy; the
"dear child is but ten or twelve miles off,
"I am sure of it." — "Let us be off,"
exclaimed I; "and this intelligence hav-
"ing invigorated my debilitated frame,
"and renewed my spirits, I rose, and we
"set off at one in the morning. Lorenzo
"had supplied us with the key of the gar-
"den,

" den, he got up behind the carriage,
" and told us the way. We were desi-
" rous to arrive without any noise, lest
" by causing some false alarm your ra-
" visher should once more succeed to re-
" move you. Lorenzo took us first to
" the gardener's lodge: we awakened
" him, and I promised him a hundred
" ducats if he took me into your room;
" and thus at length recovered my child,
" and all my happiness."

These particulars raised Alphonsine's indignation to the highest pitch; the more so, as not believing now a single word of all that Don Alvarez had told her, she thought he was still loved by Ines, and had cruelly forsaken her. Besides, she had always thought it so strange, that any

 person

person should prefer Dazeli to Don Alvarez! so that she concluded that Ines was abandoned, and in affliction. Joining with this image the idea of all the pangs which Diana had endured for her sake, she no longer felt in her heart any other sentiments towards Don Alvarez but contempt and indignation; but she deplored her error, she lost her gaiety, and that pure felicity which she had hitherto enjoyed. She loved Don Alvarez no more; at least she thought so, and this idea was much. But she recollected she had loved him, and could not but see she was adored by him. "Oh!" said she to her mother, "how happens it that "persons gifted with sensibility are not "virtuous?" — "It is because they be- "come impassioned; and when love be

"comes a violent passion, it almost in-
"variably produces deplorable wander-
"ings."—"Ah! mamma, I will love no
"person passionately besides you! . . .—
"And yet reason ought always to mode-
"rate our reciprocal sentiments for each
"other."

Diana during two or three days gave free scope to Alphonsine's feelings, and afterwards took her to her island. Alphonsine, at sight of the groupe representing Innocence, supported by Religion, looked at her mother with a most affectionate expression; then her tears flowing, she threw herself into her arms, and said, "Ah! surely I stand in need of this sup-
"port! . . . Oh, mamma! let us never
"speak of that unhappy man again (this

is the name by which she designated Don Alvarez, never mentioning him by name); "let us speak no more about him; I "wish to banish him altogether from my "thoughts."

Diana, who ever since she was informed of the violence committed against Alphonsine had daily experienced some small affections of a fever, on her return from the isle of Alphonsine, felt herself so much indisposed that she retired to rest at eight o'clock in the evening. Her physician declared in the presence of Alphonsine that she had a violent fit of fever, which could only be attributed to the cruel mental pangs which she had lately had to encounter. On hearing this, Alphonsine distracted with grief, and ap-

prehensive

prehensive they would perhaps attempt to remove her from her mother's chamber, drew near her; and kneeling down by her bed-side, "Oh, mamma!" said she, "would it not be better that your daughter should sooner take somewhat of fever than be exposed to the persecutions of the most wicked of men!" — "Be composed," replied Diana, "you shall not quit me any more." At these words Alphonsine kissed her mother's burning hand with transports; but Diana ordered her to go to rest, and she obeyed, earnestly entreating that she might not be removed far from her mother's bed-side. Anxiety kept her awake, while the waiting-woman was asleep in an arm-chair. How much, during this night, did Alphonsine curse Don Alvarez, and his

 fatal

fatal passion! . . . love was no longer in her sight but a hideous folly; and every emotion, every complaint of Diana augmented her resentment against Don Alvarez.

At midnight Diana half-drew her curtain, to look at her daughter. Alphonsine raised herself up and threw her arms about her mother's neck. "Oh! how "much I love to see you here!" said Diana. — "Oh! here I could remain for "ever," replied Alphonsine: "Mam- "ma," continued she, "perhaps you "are uneasy about my sentiments for "that vile man; be assured I hate him . . . "Oh, do but recover your health, and "your Alphonsine will resume all her "gaiety and happiness." Here Alphonsine

sine stopped; she saw that her mother closed her eyes, and was fearful of awaking her.

An hour after, Diana, with a strong and loud voice, called her daughter. "Here am I," said Alphonsine, her heart violently agitated.—"Oh! my daughter, "my daughter," said Diana, "come, and "restore life to your unfortunate mo- "ther!" — "Mamma!" exclaimed Alphonsine, struck with terror, "I am close "by you; I press you in my arms..."— "My daughter! where is my daugh- "ter?" continued Diana, in a delirious manner; "I must go and seek her!"— "Almighty God!" cried Alphonsine, "take compassion on us!" As she said these words, she threw a night-gown on

 her

her shoulders, rung the bell, and sat down on her mother's bed-side, in order to assist the nurse in holding her in bed, for Diana raved to quit it . . . the other women came in; and Alphonsine, in a sobbing voice, ordered them to go and call up the physician and the curate. Diana was struggling the whole time, and at length her repeated and useless efforts threw her into a sort of lethargic stupor, which procured her some sleep. . . . The curate and the physician arrived; and the latter succeeded to administer a draught to her, which completely calmed her spirits, but she did not recover her recollection. "Ah!" said Alphonsine, shedding a torrent of tears, "she never will "recover her lost reason! O monster! "cause of this my unhappiness! I

"swear . . ."

"swear. . . ." The Curate interrupting her, said, "My daughter, I forbid your "cursing, and uttering vows dictated "by resentment: renounce your ha-"tred; pray to God, and he will restore "to you your mother."—"Heavens!" exclaimed she, "I forgive him; save my "mother!"

After three hours sleep Diana opened her eyes, and in a feeble but natural voice pronounced the name of Alphonsine, who till that moment had never ceased for a single instant offering up the most fervent prayers that she had ever addressed to Heaven. She flew to her mother, whoecognized and embraced her. Alphonsine, transported with the most

pious

pious joy, passed the rest of the morning in blessing and thanking Heaven.

Diana was for a long time extremely feeble; but the fever having left her, she was able to quit her bed the day after. This grievous night had entirely erased love from the heart of Alphonsine; she did not possess that impassioned soul of those heroines, whose fervent love cannot be shaken either by the phrenzy, the crimes of a lover, the scorn of the world, or the death of a mother. Is it not well known that an *interesting woman* ought to sacrifice to her lover, reason, nature, reputation, and life? That she ought, if he wishes it, to abandon her parents, renounce her rank, her country, disregard shame, and even lay violent hands on herself,

herself, if circumstances demand it! The lovers of our modern novels resemble, by their actions and dispositions, that formidable Monarch of Asia, *that old man of the mountain*, who, ever thirsting after blood, ordered nothing but crime and suicide, and was always obeyed. Such is the perfect image of true love! It has been so well represented in this century, that it is most probable no person will ever henceforth exhibit such a picture.

CHAP. XLVI.

It is impossible to conceive the despair of of the guilty Don Alvarez, when he was informed of Alphonsine's departure, and when he knew, beyond all doubt, that Diana herself and the Curate had taken her away, and that Alphonsine was acquainted with all his artifices! The gardener, fearing his fury, had fled; but the little girl confessed every thing. These new occurrences caused such agitation in his whole frame, that his wound again was broken open. Notwithstanding this dangerous accident, he wrote two long letters, one to his mother, and the other to Ines.

These

These letters contained a full confession of his carrying off Alphonsine, and painted in the most energetic terms his remorse, his love, and his despair: he sent them off by a messenger the same day, with strict orders not to stop day or night.

While these things were passing, the wise Antonio, ever employed in the castle of the Countess, continued for twelve or thirteen days peaceably making his chemical experiments, while Perez brought him every other day one of the small notes which his master had left for him. M. Antonio no less admired the perseverance of his young pupil in so close a study: Perez assured him that he scarcely slept, and that his health would have been inju-

red,

red, had he not supported it by a regimen far more strengthening than ordinary. In fact the butler and the cook were very much surprised at the unusual quantity of wine and meat which Perez every day fetched for his master.

What then must have been the consternation and surprise of M. Antonio, on receiving one morning a letter from the Countess, couched in very harsh terms, which informed him that Don Alvarez had for thirteen days resided in the kingdom of Grenada! The Countess indignantly concluded her note by accusing M. Antonio of being an accomplice of her son; and according to this opinion, which to a woman who did not know how much deep sciences place a man above vulgar

notions,

notions, seemed to be a fact, the Countess, without paying any respect to geometry or chemistry, treated M. Antonio as an impostor, and as a vile corruptor of youth: she ordered him to quit her estate immediately, and never to appear in her presence again. This adventure would have overcome M. Antonio had his experiments failed, but happily they had completely succeeded: he was certain that he had made a discovery which, though in point of fact, not of the least utility, yet as it enabled him to read a long essay on it to the Academy, and he was certain it would be published in all the journals and in all the newspapers, this was the thing which consoled him for every other.

Ines however, on receiving the letter from Don Alvarez, did not hesitate a moment to unite all her efforts with his, in order to obtain the consent of the Countess, and induce her to yield. "Consider," said she, "that after such an "adventure, the innocent Alphonsine, "notwithstanding the purity of her heart "and conduct, will ever appear disho- "noured in the eyes of those who are "unacquainted with the particulars of "this affair. Consider, that the unfor- "tunate Diana will die with grief; and "that even the reputation of Don Alva- "rez will be eternally stained, if you re- "fuse a generous pardon, which you can "only evince by giving your consent. In "short, consider that although Don "Alvarez is guilty, he feels it, and adores

"you,

" you, that he is only twenty, that he
" is distractedly in love, and will die.
" Your Ines," continued she, " will ne-
" ver leave you ; it is true that I shall
" lose a husband, but I shall obtain a
" brother, and for ever remain your
" daughter. Yes, on my knees I swear,
" by all that is held most sacred, never
" to accept a husband but of your choice ;
" and that I never will pledge my faith
" but to him who will swear never to se-
" parate me from you."

The Countess relented ; she gave Ines her word, and all the necessary orders were immediately given for a speedy departure. Two hours after, the Countess and Ines entered the carriage, in order to proceed with all possible diligence to the kingdom of Grenada.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

Don Alvarez, after the failure of his attempt, could not return to Diana's castle; besides, his state of health did not permit it. The Countess and Ines flew to the small habitation, where they found him possessing all his recollection, but in imminent danger. The consent of his mother, her lively affection, as well as that of Ines, somewhat allayed his grief: on the same day his illness took a favourable turn, and the physician gave some hopes; but Don Alvarez kept con-

tinually repeating, " Alphonsine knows " all, she will never forgive me."

We have seen before, that in order to succeed in his plan, he wished Alphonsine to remain undeceived. It seemed to him totally impossible, that after such an adventure Diana should not ardently wish that this step might be repaired by a marriage; and consequently he did not doubt that after a moment's reflection (should the Countess give her consent), Diana would do every thing that depended upon her to secure to her daughter an advantageous establishment with a man whom Alphonsine loved, and who had respected her innocence and all her principles; but Alphonsine being acquainted, destroyed all his hopes. The Countess

considered

considered her consenting to so unsuitable an alliance, so great a sacrifice, and she was so impressed with the honour that she imagined she thereby conferred on Diana and her daughter, that she looked on the fears of Don Alvarez as extravagant, and felt even hurt at them. She thought it unworthy of her to ask the hand of Alphonsine for her son in writing, and therefore commissioned the Curate to make this proposition on her part verbally. She spoke on this occasion with such ill-timed pride, caused by that ill-humour which we often feel when we are forced to do a thing against our inclination, which we believe to be considerably beneath us, thinking, by assuming this proud tone, to disguise her chagrin. The Curate listened with respect, but made no

answer,

answer, and immediately departed to fulfil his mission. He returned the next day, and brought a verbal answer. Diana sent word, that she was scarce recovered from a severe illness; that as soon as her health should be re-established, she would see the Countess, and even Don Alvarez, and then that they should be able to explain themselves to each other. The Countess took this answer as a formal consent; she conveyed it to her son with some slight alteration, and with a commentary which reanimated all his hopes, and from that moment his recovery was no longer doubtful. A few days after he quitted his bed, and at the end of the same week he was permitted to go out in a carriage, or to ride on horseback. The Countess then demanded of Diana the promised inter-

view, which the latter deferred for eight days, with the sole intention of giving Don Alvarez more time, in order that his health might be perfectly re-established. Diana, while she concealed from her daughter the illness of Don Alvarez, nevertheless imparted to her the demand made on the part of the Countess. Alphonsine did not hesitate to answer; she evinced towards Don Alvarez the greatest indignation, and her firm resolution never to marry him. A fortnight's reflection did not produce the least variation in this her irrevocable design. Diana thought it her duty to apprise her, that if she did not marry Don Alvarez, she would not be able to obtain any other establishment, as the noise of this adventure, notwithstanding her perfect innnocence, still cast

a fatal

a fatal impression on her character. "The greater reason," answered Alphonsine, "I have to despise him, because, in order to gratify his passion, he "did not fear to injure my reputation: "but God reads my heart; my mother, "and her respectable pastor, will do me "justice; and this will perfectly console "me for the false judgments of the "world: I shall always be ignorant of "them, for I shall never be exposed to "them. As for marriage, I renounce it "with joy, as I feel that I never shall "love any other so well as I did love that "unfortunate young man, and I should "reproach myself for not entertaining "for my husband a sentiment which I had "for another." Diana approved of this way of thinking; she had rather a thou-

sand times that her daughter should remain without an establishment, than to give her to a man whom she did not esteem.

On the day appointed the Countess, Ines, and Don Alvarez, quitted their small habitation, and proceeded to Diana's castle. Don Alvarez, full of trouble, uneasiness, and hope, felt extremely agitated, on arriving at that cherished spot which Alphonsine inhabited, and that place where he had seen her for the first time. Pale and trembling, he followed his mother into her apartment, for it was there that Diana had sent notice that she would meet them. In about half an hour the doors were thrown open; and instead of Diana alone, she appeared together with

with her daughter. The unfortunate Don Alvarez read his sentence written on the calm and proud countenance of Alphonsine. Lost, he ran and threw himself at her feet; she stepped back; and, without casting her eyes on him, she advanced towards the Countess. "I come, Madam," said she, "to thank you for "your kind wishes, and consent to adopt "me for your daughter: I feel how "much such a title would honour me; "but as my mother has resolved to leave "me sole mistress of disposing of myself, I am so perfectly happy that I "never will change the situation that I "am in."—"My dear child," said the Countess, extremely hurt at this preamble, "Don Alvarez has certainly committed "a great fault; but his penitence, his

" attachment for you, the offer of his
" hand, and my consent, are separations
" which it would seem strange to reject.
" What reason can you give for such ill-
" timed rigour?"—" Madam, he has de-
" ceived me; I have ceased to esteem him;
" I forgive him, but I love him no more."
At these words, pronounced with the most tranquil and firm tone, Don Alvarez, as it were crushed, sunk into a chair. " Al-
" phonsine," exclaimed he, " you for
" ever deprive me of all hopes of happi-
" ness; but some unknown sentiment,
" which you alone can inspire, more
" strong at this moment than pride, and
" the most passionate regrets of love,
" makes me feel an inconceivable charm
" when I consider your immense superi-
" ority over me! You plunge me into

" misery; you reject and abandon me;
" I deserve it: you distract my soul,
" while at the same time you inspire it
" with a new flame. Unworthy ever to
" aspire to your hand; I wish at least
" that the admiration of which you are
" the object should not be fruitless: I
" wish to live to expiate my crimes, and
" to render illustrious the name of that
" unfortunate young man whom you dis-
" dain, but once thought deserving of
" your love.... No; I do not pretend
" to be able to obtain your consent; I
" shall be able to support your sublime
" resentment, because it does you so
" much honour..... Farewell; I will
" never importune you with my love;
" and you will never, henceforth, hear

 " of

" of my constancy, excepting by my con-
" duct and my achievements."

At these words Don Alvarez rose, and hastening to the door departed. This unexpected discourse affected Alphonsine, but it made only a slight impression on her heart; Don Alvarez had lost all her confidence. Ines approached her, made use of every thing in her power to soften her in favour of Don Alvarez. The Countess preserved a sullen silence; she was indignant that the natural daughter of Diana should refuse, with so much obstinacy, the hand of Don Alvarez, and that Diana should seem to approve of this strange determination. The following day the Countess had a private conversation with Diana, which only tended to

render

render them mutually more cool towards each other. Diana, who possessed an angelic mildness and a sincere humility, when she was personally the object in question, evinced an unconquerable pride in every thing which concerned her daughter. The Countess could never succeed to persuade her that, by the alliance of Don Alvarez, she would be so much honoured that all the past would be forgotten. They separated on very bad terms; and the Countess, Ines, and her son, immediately set off for Madrid.

CHAP. XLVIII.

DIANA, scarcely recovered from her illness, had experienced so many different shocks, that her health, far from being re-established, every day seemed to decline in an alarming manner. The physicians recommended a change of air, and she resolved to travel. Alphonsine was affected at the idea of leaving the castle, which she had never before quitted. Don Alvarez now no longer occupied any part of her thoughts; the ill health of her mother kept alive, and even fortified her sentiments against him. They set out, and

on the first day the change of air, and the exercise of the carriage, reanimated Diana. The next day she found herself so well, that Alphonsine ceased to regret her happy though solitary abode. On the same day she, for the first time in her life, entered into a city. That regular and enormous heap of stone buildings seemed to her impressive, but melancholy. "Our "rocks," said she, "are more majestic, "but they are less barren; they are co-"vered with moss, and fine fountains "spring from their cavities." When she entered a great street, she said, "What a "long avenue of stones! I love the cas-"sia and citron grove far better; and "instead of their fine perfume, what a "dreadful smell is there here! and what "troublesome noise! What bustle!

"what shrieks! My God! that carriage "nearly killed a child! Oh, heavens! "behold these furious men; how they "are fighting! Ah, mamma! what an "ugly thing a great city is!" On saying these words, Alphonsine, alarmed, concealed her face on her mother's shoulder, and thus she traversed the rest of the city.

Diana travelled but slowly: she wished to pass the winter at Lisbon, where she arrived at the end of the autumn. She hired a house in the suburbs. Alphonsine here met with orange groves, fine gardens and birds: her mother was much better in health, and she soon found that even in a city it is possible to be happy. An old servant of the family of Diana,

the

the good Meleados, that old domestic of the Count de Moncalde whom we spoke of at the beginning of this history, resided at Lisbon, in the same quarter where Diana dwelt. He had learned by the newspapers her existence and her deliverance; and as soon as he heard that she was at Lisbon, he flew to her, sent in his name, and was admitted. Diana, who intended to go to England, proposed to Meleados to accompany her, to which he consented with joy; he was sixty-six years of age, but in perfect health, and possessed all the activity of a young man.

Diana passed all the winter in Portugal, and in the month of May set off for England. She arrived at night at the post

where she was to embark ; but the wind being contrary, she was told it would be necessary to wait a few days till it became more favourable. She learned that a vessel was to be launched the next day, which was to be consecrated with all the ceremony and pomp customary in Catholic countries. Alphonsine evinced a great desire to behold the sea. Diana conducted her at day-break down to the beach, where no company had yet arrived. Diana sent her attendants back, with orders to return in an hour. Alphonsine, at sight of this immense plain of water, remained mute with surprise and emotion. After a long song silence, " Oh, mamma!" said she, " we are alone on the " shore; it seems that this vast expan-" sion which I here behold is only inha-

" bited

" bited by us:' would to Heaven that it
" were so! how much less anxiety should
" we have! Are we going to embark on
" this agitated element, so deep and so
" spacious that the eye cannot perceive
" the opposite shore?" — " You are
" afraid?"—" Death only affrights me,
" by the idea that you would deplore my
" loss, or that I might survive you....
" but on these waves we should perish
" both at the same time, we should quit
" life without having any thing to regret
" and both appear together before the
" great tribunal....." — " My dear
" child, this indifference to life does not
" seem natural at your age. Oh, my Al-
" phonsine! are you less happy?..."—
" Less happy with you, and when your
" health is re-established! Oh, mamma!

" do-

" do not believe it. But I am grieved to
" think that violence and artifice may se-
" parate us. Oh! if we should ever be
" separated by this vast ocean! that idea
" makes me tremble! Oh, mamma! the
" immense extent of the globe appals me.
" At what a frightful distance we may
" possibly be placed from each other!"
—" No, no, my dear child," exclaimed
Diana, pressing her daughter to her bo-
" som; " I will never, for a moment,
" be separated from you. Had I not com-
" mitted the imprudence to send you
" from me, the event which has cost us
" both so many tears, would never have
" happened." — " But supposing he
" should have carried me off in your pre-
" sence, while we were taking our soli-
" tary walks?"—" He never would have

" given

" given such inhuman orders."—" It is
" true that he did not attempt my life...
" and what man would be so ferocious as
' to tear Alphonsine from the arms of
" Diana?..."—" Banish these gloomy
" ideas, and let us contemplate the inte-
' resting spectacle which offers. Turn
" your eyes towards that side, and look
" at that new vessel, the poop of which is
" crowned with flowers. Alas! it offers
" to us the image of human destiny; it is
" prepared by the industrious hands of
" man, to resist the storm, and traverse
" with rapidity a way strewed with shoals;
" and notwithstanding the art and the
" care of those who have made it, it
" will never arrive at the destined port
" without a wise pilot, and the protection

of

" of Heaven." As she spoke these words, they saw the captain of the vessel and the commandant of the city, with a numerous train, advancing towards the beach. The captain approached Diana, and assisted her and daughter into the ship; a quarter of an hour after, the captain received the venerable bishop who was to consecrate the vessel; he advanced at the head of his clergy, holding a crucifix: he ascended the deck, and held the crucifix high up in the air, whilst all persons present fell on their knees; and the captain, in the name of the crew, said *the creed*: after which, the bishop walked round the vessel, chaunting hymns, and strewing salt and corn, symbols of prudence and plenty. When he came back on the deck, he fixed

on

on it an olive-branch, sprinkled it with holy water, and addressing himself to the crew: "Christians," said he, "to live in "this small space, to support a long "voyage, and to live in peace, rocked on "the fathomless deep, preserve the faith "of your parents, and be religious. Far "from cities, and from every human ha- "bitation, you are now going to launch "into the stormy desert of the ocean; "your accents will no more be repeated "by the echo of the valleys and the "mountain; the soft harmony of music "will no more charm your ear; you will "not hear any thing about you but the "menacing voice of death; it is that "that roars in the foaming billow; it is "that that whistles in the air, and which,

"by

" by a still louder noise, thunders in the
" blazing cloud. Yes, death ever press-
" ing and terrible, will surround you on
" all sides; you will ever be struggling
" against it; you will never act but to
" prevent or repulse it. Noisy and tu-
" multuous you will behold it under your
" feet, and see it hovering over your
" head. . . . . it will shew you each day
" your gaping grave, a moving and deep
" sepulchre, on which friendship can
" never engrave a once-cherished name.
" Therein you may all be plunged in
" the same instant; in vain will you
" then seek for an asylum; in vain
" will you call to your succour your wives
" and your children, whom you left be-
" hind! If you perish, all, even the

" frail

" frail boards which bear you, the last
" wishes which you form, all must pe-
" rish with you. No; what did I say?
" Heaven may still receive and hear
" them, and may save you from shipwreck.
" What have you to fear, boasting the
" protection of Him who commands
" the elements, and whose word is obey-
" ed? .... Yes, religion will be your re-
" fuge; religion will give you both faith
" and hope, and will fortify your cou-
" rage. Amidst so many dangers, every
" surrounding object will speak to you of
" the Lord, of his supreme majesty and
" sovereign power. Forced incessantly
" to lift your eyes up to Heaven, and
" consult the orb of day and the stars of
" the night; ah! think of the powerful
" hand that directs their course! ....

" Depart

"Depart under pious auspices; go into
"other climes, and fetch the produc-
"tions of nature, together with the
"works of human industry. You are
"entrusted with a still more sacred
"pledge, the honour and glory of your
"country. Do credit to your country
"abroad by your humanity, integrity,
"and good morals; and remember that
"religion, which sanctifies every virtue,
"can alone render them unshaken and
"constant."

After this pious exhortation, the bishop gave the crew his blessing, and the ceremony ended. This discourse had made a deep impression on Alphonsine: she testified to her mother her wish of passing over to England on board this same vessel,

vessel, the consecration of which she had just witnessed, and which seemed to her a hallowed place. Diana consented; and a few days after Diana and daughter sailed together, with Meleados and their other attendants, for England.

CHAP. XLIX.

DIANA and her daughter arrived in England about the latter end of May; and immediately proceeded to Buxton Wells, where Diana wished to drink the waters. Diana remained six weeks in this place, so celebrated for its salubrious baths, neat buildings, and romantic landscapes. Diana left Buxton in the month of July, with an intention of proceeding to London. Meleados followed them on horseback: the very worthy old Squire prided himself on knowing his way in foreign countries, and consequently had the mania of never following the high-road, but

taking

taking cross-roads, in order, as he said, to *make short cuts*; from which practice it generally happened that poor Meleados rode at least five or six miles a day in wretched roads, and quite out of his way, that he now and then sunk in the mire, killed his horses, and was never to be found when his mistress wanted him. At three miles distant from Buxton, Diana observed that Meleados, in order to save time, had already disappeared.

When they were at a distance of about ten miles from Buxton, they found themselves in a place so wild and deserted, that the aspect was quite frightful; it was one of those extensive and barren heaths, entirely stripped of trees and habitations, where now and then they met with some

poor shepherds feeding their goats, and some wretched huts, at a great distance from each other, without any gardens, and so small and so low, that they only resembled the huts of savages. In casting a melancholy eye over these immense wastes, Alphonsine's surprise was extreme, on perceiving at some distance a neat and elegant dwelling, surrounded with young plantations and gardens, newly planted. Such a habitation, in so barren and deserted a place, causes all travellers the same astonishment *. The carriage was proceeding swiftly along, when on a sudden one of the wheels came off, and the carriage was upset. In this violent and unexpected shock, one of the

windows

* These particulars are true.

windows was shattered to pieces, and Diana, whose first care was to take her daughter in her arms, was grievously wounded in her leg. . . . . They both spoke at once; and Diana, hearing that her daughter had received no hurt, began to feel the pain of her own wound. They were close to a cottage. Alphonsine burst into tears on perceiving that her mother's clothes were all over blood. The servants having extricated them from their situation, took them into the little hut of the poor shepherds, who received them in the most hospitable manner, but who were not in a situation to offer them relief. Diana, not complaining, and forcing herself to smile, sought, but in vain, to soothe the lively apprehensions of Alphonsine, whose heart was torn and

distracted with terror at the sight of her mother's blood. A young female cottager bathed the wound with fresh water, whilst one of the shepherds was gone to the above-mentioned house to call the family surgeon. Diana, who, as well as Alphonsine, spoke English perfectly, asked a few questions about the proprietor of that lonely habitation: they told her that he was an old Italian gentleman, named Dolzi, that he had been a resident there upwards of seven years; that he himself had planted the avenue and the little wood, and built the house under his own direction. They likewise informed her, that he was of a benevolent disposition, and always sent his own surgeon many miles round to attend the poor inhabitants of this deserted spot; that he

never

never refused assistance to those who asked it; and that he had founded an infirmary in his house for six poor old men, as well as a school for six children, whom he took equal care of: but that this old gentleman was very melancholy and shy, and that he admitted no visitors. Diana enquired the age of this singular character; to which the young woman answered, that she had never been able to see him but once, as he never went beyond his own grounds; but that she believed he might be about seventy-five

The surgeon came: Diana's beauty, and that of her daughter, together with the extreme grief and anxiety of the latter, seemed to make considerable impression

 upon

upon him. After he had looked at the wound he said, "There was nothing to apprehend, but that the lady ought not to think of pursuing her journey for a week at least. "M. Dolzi," said he, with a smile, "is not the most gallant man "with the ladies, but he knows and ful-"fills all the duties of hospitality: I am "certain he will be very happy to offer "you his house, and am now going to "acquaint him with this strange acci-"dent." On saying this, the surgeon arose, and returned to Dolzi's habitation. Alphonsine, on finding her mother was likely to be pleasantly accommodated, and well taken care of, was relieved from her bitter anxiety. In about half an hour M. Dolzi's servants arrived with a sedan-chair to remove Diana: Alphonsine, the waiting-

waiting-woman and servants, followed on foot. Diana, apprehensive lest Don Alvarez should follow her, had, on leaving Spain, adopted a fictitious name, which she was resolved to retain until her return home. The surgeon alone received her, saying, that the owner of the house was so fearful of company, that he would not be prevailed upon to see her; but that he had desired that his guests should be accommodated with the best apartment, and treated with all possible respect and attention.

Alphonsine was extremely desirous of seeing this benevolent and shy old gentleman, who concealed himself to perform good actions, and had thus devoted his whole life to the relief and comfort of the unhappy.

 The

The next day being a Sunday, and Diana being ordered to keep her bed during five or six days more, Alphonsine and the waiting-woman went to hear mass in a small chapel, which she found filled by the servants, the six old men, and the six children, who were all Irish Roman Catholics. Alphonsine was anxiously looking for M. Dolzi; but she could not find him out. He was, however, seated opposite to her; but his pew had a close iron railing in front, which totally prevented his being seen.

The service being over, Alphonsine returned into her mother's apartment, where soon after the surgeon came, and brought her from M. Dolzi the key of a garden, where he alone usually took his

walk.

walk. Diana having expressed her wish that Alphonsine should avail herself of this polite offer, she immediately went into the garden, attended by her waiting-woman. She sat down on a mossy bank, overshaded by a sort of arbour, consisting of vines and honeysuckles. In about a quarter of an hour she perceived, with much emotion, an old man at some distance, whose countenance and deportment were remarkable. His hair was long and full grown, his beard extremely black: he leaned on a stick, although his step was firm and dignified. His features were fine and expressive, but his looks rather grave and stern. He drew near Alphonsine, and without bowing to her, he fixed his eyes attentively on her face. Alphonsine rose, and was going to ex-

 press

press thanks in her mother's name; but scarcely had she uttered a few words, when he turned away abruptly, and hastily retired. Alphonsine, much intimidated, ran back to her mother, saying, she would not expose herself to meet the old man again, for that he had frightened her.

In the evening Meleados, exhausted with fatigue, and delighted to meet with a comfortable lodging, arrived, and owned, for this once, that he had failed in his calculations of *short cuts*, for he had travelled upwards of thirty miles in trying to find them again. After a good supper he retired to rest, and rose at day-break, not doubting but in a house where he met with such comfortable bed and board

he

he would find plenty of persons to chat with; and we ought on this occasion to remember, that one of the old Squire's greatest diversions was, under under an appearance of mystery, and of being deep in his master's confidence, to indulge his loquacious propensity. Meleados, however, possessed but a very feeble memory, and was perpetually blundering and confounding past circumstances in his narrations. Out of ill luck every person in the family was particularly engaged; and he found none but people who were bustling to and fro, each occupied with his own avocations, and from whom he received no encouragement to his many attempts to enter into conversation: he therefore went to explore the grounds round the house.

At length he pursued M. Dolzi, who holding a key in his hand, was advancing towards the garden-gate. Meleados quickened his pace, reached the gate the first, and fixing himself there, waited for the unknown gentleman, whose slow and steady carriage seemed at least to promise him a civil answer. M. Dolzi drew near, looked at Meleados, startled, and remained motionless. Meleados, equally surprised, remained with his eyes stedfastly fixed on the stranger, and his mouth open, the question he had carefully prepared having expired on his lips, and astonishment having, as it were, suspended his intellectual faculties. . . . . . M. Dolzi breaking silence the first, "Meleados," "said he, "you know me; follow me." In saying these words he opened the garden-

den-gate, and entered with the happy Meleados, who already foresaw a certainty of some important talk and discoveries. His joy however was damped by his embarrassment; he prided himself on knowing better than any person the laws, customs, and etiquette, of every country, and the most proper style of addressing the great. He whom he was going to converse with, was a Spaniard, but he was settled and naturalized in England; what title therefore was it necessary to give him? This perplexity held him for some minutes in suspence; at length he extricated himself from this difficulty, by resolving to call the gentleman, your Excellency, Signor, and my Lord.

"Ah!"

"Ah! Signor," exclaimed he, "while
"Don Pedro's loss is yet deplored in
"Spain, what joy to me to find him
"here again! .... I now perceive the
"real purpose of this journey to England.
"I had my suspicions, indeed. ...."—
"Pray, Meleados, is my sister living?"—
"Yes, my Lord."—"And her son?"—
"I hear Don Alvarez is the most accom-
"plished gentleman in all Spain."—
"Heaven be praised!"—"Your Excel-
"lency must have observed very little
"alteration in the Lady Diana; she is
"as handsome as ever. ...." At this
name of Diana, Don Pedro (for the reader
by this time must have guessed it was
himself) staggered, and fell back against
a tree. "It is no illusion, then," ex-
claimed

claimed he; "the perfidious woman is "here!...."—"Ah! my Lord, having received her in your house, you "ought to forget the past."—"Forget "it, just Heavens!"—"After a lapse of "seventeen years, it would be most natural."—"Gracious God! if at least..." —"Hear, Meleados; I am going to put "you a question which interests me deeply, "or rather the only one which I can have "to ask: promise me you will answer to "the point."—"Yes, my Lord, if I can "without betraying the confidence with "which I am honoured."—"That "young person is her daughter: how old "is she? that is a thing which you ought "to know with precision: how old is "she?"—"Fourteen and a half," answered Meleados without hesitation; although

though Alphonsine was two years older, her childish simplicity and young look persuading him that must be her age. At this answer Don Pedro put his hand on his face; and afterwards fixing on Meleados his eyes filled with tears, "Mele-" "ados," said he, "are you certain that "she is not older?"—"Your Excel-" "lency ought to think that I know her" "age as well as my own: she is fourteen" "and a half."—"And who then is her father?...."—"Ah, for the matter of" "that, my Lord...."—"You do not" "know?"—"Yes, I do know perfectly;" "she is the daughter of Don Sancho de" "Melez...."—"What horrible dis-" "grace! How! this abominable woman" "has not married Dazeli?...."—" "My Lord, this is a secret that I ought

"only

" only to confide to your Excellency, for
" the justification of Donna Diana."—
" Well!"—" Well, my Lord, since the
" death of Don Sancho she married Da-
" zeli, but that was a secret affair ....
" and..."

Don Pedro, unable to hear any more, walked away precipitately; but turning back, " Meleados," said he, " I beg
" you will not mention this until your
" mistress's departure; for should she
" hear my name, she would be over-
" whelmed with confusion......" —
" How! my Lord! does she not know
" that she is in your Lordship's house?"
—" If you should be so indiscreet as to
" tell her so, she will depart instantane-
" ously."—" Oh, I shall not mention it,

" my

" my Lord; but grant me the favour of
" an audience now and then, and I will
" acquaint you with some curious parti-
" culars . . ." — " No, no; I will not
" hear her name mentioned again; I de-
" spise and hate her."—" But her daugh-
" ter!"—" Oh! how wretched am I!"
Thus ended this conversation; for Don
Pedro dismissed Meleados, who, finding
himself very comfortable in his house,
promised to himself he would preserve
silence, and did so accordingly.

He really believed that Alphonsine was
Don Sancho's daughter, because, having
one day ventured to speak slightly of
Don Sancho to Diana, she had command-
ed him to be silent, adding at the same
time, " Had it not been for him, my Al-
phonsine

phonsine would not have lived!" (for Diana was persuaded that if the Count Moncalde had not been prevented by Don Sancho, he would have poisoned her instead of confining her in the cave). But Meleados, from the above expression, had wisely concluded that Don Sancho was the father of Alphonsine. As to the secret marriage with Dazeli, it was a mere conjecture, which he founded on the love the Page had once entertained for Diana, the fortune he had acquired since, and the regard which Diana still testified towards him; which latter circumstance Meleados had learned from the waiting-woman.

After dinner, as Alphonsine was rising from table, the surgeon came and brought

her

her the key of the garden, begging at the same time from M. Dolzi that she would go down and meet him there; which request Alphonsine did not comply with until her mother had desired it. On entering the garden, followed by her waiting-woman, she found Don Pedro waiting for her at the door. He tremblingly took hold of her hand, not daring to look at her; and Alphonsine was alarmed . . . he led her under the arbour of honey-suckles; and having desired her to sit down, made a sign to the waiting-woman to retire to some little distance opposite. This order displeased Alphonsine, but it was complied with.

Don Pedro, turning to Alphonsine, gazed on her in silence with indescribable emotion.

emotion. In her he recognized Diana, in all the bloom of youth, and adorned with all the charms of innocence and modesty! "Oh! unavailing and bitter regrets!" exclaimed he, "in vain had time blunted "your keen edge! A cruel fate brings "back the past; not to restore to me "what I have lost, but to rob me of my "only comfort, forgetfulness, and tear "open my bleeding wound! . . . In vain "have I grown older! . . ." A flood of tears interrupted his speech, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. . . . Alphonsine, equally troubled and surprised, listened to him with deep emotion. . . . Don Pedro gazing on her again, she ventured to look at him; and although a man of forty-five may appear old in the eyes of a girl of fifteen, she easily perceived that

he

he was not an old man, and that his dress alone bore the marks of old age . . . Don Pedro, meanwhile, observed her most attentively in his turn, and still addressing her in English, " Did you know Don " Sancho, your father ?" said he to her. " Don Sancho was not my father," replied she eagerly. — " What do you " say ?" — " The truth." — " To Dazeli " then you are indebted for life ? . . ." " No "—" How ! neither Don Sancho, " nor Dazeli ! . . . Oh ! if he were but " mistaken about her age ! . . . In Hea- " ven's name, tell me . . ." — " Well !" —" How old are you ?"—" Sixteen and " a half !" At this, Don Pedro, transported, caught her in his arms, exclaiming in Spanish, " Oh ! my daughter, I " am Don Pedro." — " Oh, mamma !"

said

said Alphonsine, and she fell fainting on her father's breast . . . The waiting-woman came and offered her assistance. "Away!" said Don Pedro, bursting into a flood of tears, "you shall not take "away my daughter; she is my daughter, "my child! Oh! I forgive, yes, I forgive "her mother all! . . ." The waiting-woman unlacing Alphonsine, the golden chain which held the medallion got loose, and Don Pedro's picture fell on the ground. This new proof of his happiness completed his joyful transports. . . . Alphonsine opened her eyes, and falling at her father's feet, kissed his hands, and asked for his blessing, together with permission to fly and acquaint her mother, taking the necessary precautions that the sudden change should not cause any bad effects

in

in her present state. Don Pedro offered to follow her, but she entreated he would not; and promising to return in an hour, she flew away with incredible swiftness.

Don Pedro detained the waiting-woman in order to ask her some questions. This woman was perfectly well acquainted with Diana's history; and her first word was, "She has never wronged you!"— "How! what story would you tell me? "And her flight to Dazeli! ...."— "Was to go and meet you, the Count "and Don Sancho having deceived her." —"Just Heavens! can it be possible?"— "She was confined in a subterraneous "cavern, where she brought Alphonsine "to life, at the expiration of seven "months; and it was only after a con-

"finement

" finement of thirteen years that she was
" delivered from captivity, by the Coun-
" tess your sister! .... Heavenly Fa-
" ther!" exclaimed Don Pedro, "how
" shall I be able to support such an ex-
" cess of felicity? . . . Diana is not guilty!
" . . . Diana, for my sake, has undergone
" so long and so horrible a captivity!...
" I find a wife and a daughter at once!....
" Oh! conduct me to her feet! . . . Diana
" is innocent! . . . . Oh, God! it is a
" dream! . . . It is a dream! but waking
" were death." As he spoke thus,
he rose: his trembling legs could not
support him; he leaned on the waiting-
woman, saying, " Oh you, who have re-
" stored me to life, you no longer shall
" be in a dependent situation . . . you are
" a friend . . . When shall I be able to re-

" ward you for the service you have done
" me?"

Don Pedro, on a sudden recovering his strength, flew to Diana's apartment. He stopped in the anti-chamber, where Alphonsine, transported with joy, ran into his arms, exclaiming, " She knows our " happiness!" and she led him to her mother's feet.

Diana beheld Don Pedro only as the father of Alphonsine; and as such the sight of him caused her transports of joy which no language can describe. During the remainder of the day not a word was spoken by way of explanation; Don Pedro merely said, that he was sensible of his fatal error. They asked no questions

of

of each other; they gazed in mute ecstacy, and enjoyed their love and happiness: the past was forgotten, the future not thought of. How could they have been uneasy? But the present moment alone made up the whole extent of their felicity. Alphonsine was enthusiastically looked at, listened to, and admired, by Don Pedro; and Diana observing his fondness for his daughter, kept repeating to him, that she never loved him as she did at this moment. It was midnight before they separated; and they agreed to meet at day-break. Diana retired, leaving Don Pedro the manuscript which contained her history, together with Don Sancho's original letters.

Let the reader imagine, if possible,

 what

what were Don Pedro's feelings, on reading this manuscript! What distracting remorse, what deep emotions, what passionate admiration did it not produce in his soul! He passed the whole of that night engaged in reading this writing; and in the morning he met Diana with new transports. . . . As for him, he had nothing to relate, the life of a solitary misanthrope affording no occurrences worth mentioning. To Diana's enquiring respecting the supposed age he had given out, he answered, that in order to mislead curiosity, and better to conceal himself, he had resolved to pass for an old man, which was no difficult matter, as he never left his grounds; and besides, as under the disguise which he had adopted, any person seeing him pass could not fail

to

to think him much older than he was; and that in the interior of his house he had given himself out to be about fifty-five, although he had requested the surgeon, when speaking of him among the c otagers and other persons out of doors, to say he was about seventy.

Meleados was strangely surprised, on hearing Alphonsine was not the daughter of Don Sancho, that Diana had contracted no secret marriage with Dazeli, and that she was going to bestow her hand on Don Pedro, who publicly acknowledged Alphonsine as his own daughter. The marriage was solemnized a few days after in the chapel of this hospitable mansion. The old men served as witnesses, and the children supported the cup of holy water

over the head of the happy pair and of Alphonsine, whose birth now became legitimate. Childhood and old age, both united by the ties of gratitude, sent up, in this chapel, the same wishes for the felicity of their kind benefactors. Heaven listened to their voice. This union, which atoned for a great fault, expiated by many years sufferings, secured the happiness of two hearts formed for virtue; and it was with the most delightful emotions of joy and maternal pride that Diana, on the marriage-articles being read, heard her daughter designated under the name, so long wished for, of Alphonsine D'Almedor.

They now only thought of returning to Spain; but, previous to his departure, Don

Don Pedro made all the necessary arrangements, in order to ensure the solidity and prosperity of those charitable establishments which he had founded in his solitude. The shepherds who had so so hospitably received Diana in their cottage, were not forgotten. After having received the heartfelt benedictions of gratitude, Don Pedro, now the happiest of men, quitted Buxton, together with his wife and daughter. They proceeded together to the nearest sea-port, where they embarked without delay.

CHAP. L. AND LAST.

During the voyage, which proved long, the happy pair, whilst Alphonsine was asleep, talked of nothing but her and the passion of Don Alvarez. Don Pedro, whilst he condemned the guilty conduct of his nephew, nevertheless anxiously wished that this young man, the only son of a beloved sister, might become the husband of his Alphonsine. Happiness softens our anger: Diana now found herself less averse to his project; she recollected the inclination which her daughter had entertained for Don Alvarez, and reflected

reflected with pleasure that the Countess, in giving her consent, would no longer have room to think she conferred an honour on Alphonsine, as her birth was now legitimate, and as illustrious as her own. At the end of the voyage, Don Pedro and Diana in concert spoke to their daughter of Don Alvarez: "He is my nephew," said Don Pedro, "and I feel that I love "him as my son . . ." — "Ah! my "father!" replied Alphonsine, "that "would be loving him too much! . . ." — "Wherefore?" — "Because you would "love him as much as you love your "daughter . . ." — "Certainly; for if you "like, he may, in fact, become my son." — "Oh! if you had seen my mother ill, "if you had heard what she said in her "delirious moments! . . ." — "What

" signifies what is said in delirium?..."—
" Oh, he has done me so much hurt,
" that I shall never forget it!"—" How!
" can you preserve such a resentment for
" upwards of a year?"—" Can the image
" of a dying mother ever be effaced from
" the memory?"— " My Alphonsine,"
said Diana, " we both always feel and
" think alike: like you, I still retain some
" little rancour against him; and I am
" sure when mine shall have left me, you
" will also have forgotten yours." At
these words she changed the conversation.
This prediction surprised Alphonsine, and
made her pensive; she placed so much
confidence in her mother.

Several letters had apprised the Countess of all these happy circumstances, in

one

one of which they entreated her to come with Ines and Don Alvarez, and reside with them in Diana's castle; and in the month of September they all met together. The Countess, happy at meeting her brother again, received him, as well as Diana her sister-in-law, with open arms: she gave her niece the kindest reception, and in short felt for her all the tenderness of consanguinity. Alphonsine had the right to bear the name of D'Almedor, and the Countess called her so with a sincere joy. The unhappy Don Alvarez wished to conceal himself from the eyes of Diana and Alphonsine: all persons praised in the most affecting manner his perfect conduct during the absence of Diana; and Don Pedro, while embracing him, resolved to give him his

daughter, and he led him into the apartment of Diana.

Alphonsine blushed on seeing the young man so penitent, so melancholy, and so passionate; she recollected her mother's prediction. "Madam," said Don Alvarez to Diana, "if I now venture to appear "before you, it is because I am going to "be absent for a long time, and am sure "that you will always receive the un-"happy with kindness! ..." — "No, "no," exclaimed Don Pedro, "no fare-"well! no departures! Heaven has re-"united us, and we will never quit each "other ..." — "I must set off in three "days, and for a whole year," said Don Alvarez. "I shall oppose it," said Don Pedro. "But you will give your consent,

"when

" when you know that honour commands
" me to go."—" How?" —" Don Juan
" is charged with a great maritime expe-
" dition; he may have some engage-
" ments to fight, and a long voyage to
" perform. Delighted to serve under
" his orders, I have demanded and ob-
" tained an engagement." — " Did you
" not know of the return of Alphonsine?"
—" I made that application the very next
" day after my mother received your let-
" ter."—"And has your mother con-
" sented?"—" I have confided to her
" my motives and my sentiments, and
" she approves of them."—" Depart,
" my child. In your place, and at your
" age, I would have acted in the same
" manner. Alphonsine, come and bid
" your cousin farewell." At these words
Alphonsine

Alphonsine raised on Don Alvarez her eyes, full of tears: this was obeying her father, as her silence said much more than any answer she could have made. . . Diana, much affected, reached out her hand to Don Alvarez, who kissed it with transports, and then precipitately withdrew, without saying a single word.

Don Alvarez, before his departure, secured the happiness of Ines and Dazeli. The prudent and sensible Ines did not wish to marry until his return; but she was obliged to yield to the pressing solicitations of Don Alvarez and the orders of the Countess. The day after their marriage, Don Alvarez set off for Madrid, together with M. Antenio, whose con-

duct

duct he had long before justified to the Countess.

Don Juan took Don Alvarez with him to the sea-port where he was to embark, and became very much attached to the young man. He was his chief Mentor, and his friend. Thanks to Don Juan's ability, the expedition was crowned with complete success, and Don Alvarez covered himself with glory. At the expiration of a year Don Juan took him to Court, wishing to recommend his conduct and his services. Don Alvarez met his mother at Madrid, where business, duty, and above all, gratitude, detained nearly three whole weeks.

The Duchess d'Alzuna could not be-

hold

held her old lover without emotion, after such brilliant success. Like most women, she was more affected with great reputation than with merit: she made some advances, and Don Juan once more submitted to her chains. He married the Duchess; and immediately after their marriage, Don Alvarez, the Countess, Ines, and Dazeli, departed for the kingdom of Grenada. Don Alvarez was conducted to the feet of Alphonsine: the banns were published, and the marriage contract was drawn up, and accordingly signed the same evening. Diana, conforming to the custom after signature, said, with extreme emotion, "Now, my "daughter, embrace your husband." — These words produced a most striking effect on Alphonsine, and seemed a great

event

event for all the family. Every eye was fixed on Alphonsine; every person examined her with curiosity as well as interest. Don Alvarez, who had attained the finest moment of his life, Don Alvarez, who was in transports, did not however venture to advance . . . He contemplated, in a supplicative manner, the charming countenance of Alphonsine, who stood with her eyes cast down, and her cheeks suffused with a most lively carnation. After a moment's hesitation, she approached her mother; and calling Don Alvarez with a trembling voice, she said to Diana, "Mamma, do you embrace him first...." Don Alvarez, placing one knee on the ground, Donna Diana embraced him with the most lively tendernessa; after which, Alphonsine advancing towards

Don

Don Alvarez, they mutually embraced each other. . . . Who can describe the feelings of Don Alvarez at this moment? . . . That delicious sensation completed the pure transports of his heart. The young man, who knew well how to appreciate this chaste and first kiss, could never henceforth desire to receive a favour from the hand of vice.

Don Pedro and Diana with joy gave their Alphonsine, their darling child, to that faithful lover who had so well atoned for the faults of love and youth. It is unnecessary to say that Alphonsine was happy. She who was the model of filial piety, who entertained such religious sentiments, together with the most pure

and

and moral conscience, could she be otherwise? . . . And I should have but ill attained my object, if I left my reader in any doubt respecting the happiness of Alphonsine.

FINIS.

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